

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

FOR
JANUARY, 1810.

THE ADDRESS OF THE EDITORS.

As we have only one opportunity in a year of directly addressing the publick in our private capacity, to neglect it would seem churlish, as well as a violation of former custom. It affords us too an occasion to greet heartily our old, tried friends, and to offer our compliments to some new ones that have arisen within the year. Though the number of these may not be so great, as either we or our publishers might have expected, we will try to derive consolation from disappointment itself, by thinking that our gratitude, which would have been enfeebled in being widely spread, will be quite perceptible when divided among a few.

We have completed the seventh volume; a great age among the literary ephemera of this country. Having arrived at this degree of maturity, in spite of innumerable predictions to the contrary, we almost begin to flatter ourselves, that our constitution and temperament are more vigorous, than those of most others in the class to which we belong; and that this uncommon duration is not accidental or artificial, but is the evidence of something sound in our stamina, and pertinacious in our structure. Still the wonder and mystery of our existence, more extraordinary to us than it can be to the world, was so impressed on our minds, that when we have been confidently told we were speedily destined to perish, we have assented to the declaration with almost as much humility and conviction, as we should to the same truth, when applied to us more seriously as individuals. Yet after acquiescing in these predictions of the certitude of our fate, the elasticity of hope, or the force of vanity has made us the next moment exclaim, to compare small things with great, like Galileo rising from his recantation before the tribunal of the holy inquisition, *PERO SI MUOVE* *.

* It moves still.

It must be the lot of all those who have any intercourse with the publick, to condescend sometimes to notice accusations palpably absurd. The Anthology is conducted by a society of gentlemen, who derive no direct emolument from their labour, and persist in it, though many a shrewd, wise countenance may be covered with a smile at their simplicity, in still continuing to "*scribble, scribble.*" This smile, which is really excited more by good-natured wonder, than contempt, they can return with one of the same character. Plutus then not being in the number of our household gods, it could hardly be supposed we should be subject to any other reproaches, than those of sterility. In this case it would be prudent to be silent, as mediocrity can only hope for toleration, while it is submissive and defenceless. But we have been accused of wishing to depreciate our own country, of fostering without discrimination every thing exotick, and depreciating every thing indigenous. Can there be an accusation more opposed to our very existence, more boldly ridiculous?

In all the more liberal and noble branches of science and literature, it would certainly be difficult, perhaps mischievous, to attempt very accurate limits of our *nationality*. Formed as we have been on the English school, as far as the English language is concerned, we can hardly establish a separate one, and if our *esprit du corps* as a nation is as marked, as that of the Scotch in the republick of literature, that will be the extent of its force. We have a sensation of delight, which to very enlarged minds may seem founded on narrow feelings, when we see any countryman of ours justly attracting notice in this republick; and if wishing were a suitable employment, we should wish that we could boast of a greater number, who hold conspicuous stations in it; of more men, who possess the wit and sagacity of Franklin, or the eloquence of Ames.

It is owing mainly to some glaring faults in our scheme of widespread, superficial education, that we are harrassed with a class of authors, we are sorry to degrade the name, who are incomparably more numerous here, in proportion, than in any other country. We allude to those, who have triumphed over an audience in some species of occasional discourse, orations, sermons, &c. who have occupied the poet's corner, or a column of a newspaper, or whose vanity and attainments are shewn in the meanest manner, in eulogies and characters of deceased insignificance. To almost every one of this numerous description, the familiar Latin proverb,

that, on occasions, *Socco dignus cothurno incedit*, may be fairly applied. These worthless weeds spring up prematurely, and though it is an irksome, fatiguing employment, we are bound to contribute our efforts to eradicate them, lest they stifle and exhaust the nourishment from the valuable plants, that are slower in their growth, but which will be in perfection, long after these have perished. To these may be added all who are stirrers up of sedition, in either church or state, and who of course address themselves to the most ignorant of the community; all those well-meaning men, who have mistaken virtuous, patriotick sentiments in rhyme, for poetick inspiration; the whole class of book-makers, the grand pest in Europe, but who in this country are still covered with their pinfeathers, and are just trying their wings, and whose only plausible plea must be founded on the favour due to domestick manufactures. All these classes would naturally accuse us of being deficient in national feeling, or what, in poor imitation of English arrogance, is called *American* feeling; and as we are willing to flatter ourselves, that the accusation will come from no one else, we hope our tranquillity on this account is not unreasonable.

We turn eagerly to a more grateful theme, an expression of thanks to those who have at any time been pleased with our labours. Studied praise is always fatiguing; but when we discard all desires and intentions of gain, and wish only to be thought to have "done the state some service," our satisfaction must arise from the satisfaction of others. A word of encouragement, even an exclamation, or a look that denotes sympathy, a degree of excitement, of fellow-feeling; all these tend, and we may be indulged in saying, have tended to animate and encourage us. We have not been in the habit of holding out many promises; we are not going to begin the practice now, but we may be excused for suggesting an obvious remark. It may be reasonably presumed, from the slightest knowledge of human nature, that the care, the animation, the reflection of him, who is writing for the publick, will be inevitably influenced and modified by the idea, that he is to be read by a few, or by many.

We have had the pleasure of recently acquiring as honorary associates, in this, and in other states, individuals, whom if we were to name, we should be accused of inordinate vanity. We expect that some of the fruits of their leisure will enrich our columns.

Many thanks are due to our correspondents. To the author of the "Letters from Europe," we give a friendly warning, that if he deserts us entirely, our sense of duty will oblige us to denounce him. He will agree with us that men of leisure, talents, fancy, observation and experience can indulge no hope, in the present state of our country, of being placed in retirement; all those who are capable of enticing the public taste to the pursuit of science and literature, can never obtain more than a short furlough; they must hold themselves with their arms burnished, in constant readiness for active service. To the authors of the essay on "Greek Literature," and of the "Occasional Ode to Time," we must remark, that they have permitted us to entertain great expectations. We salute our correspondent C. whose lines are always mentioned by our poetical readers with emphasis. The original and characteristick essays of R. entitle him to our acknowledgement for his unwearied services. With good wishes for the publick and increasing hopes for our work, we commence the first number of the eighth volume.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM CADIZ TO SEVILLE.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

(Continued from vol. vii. page 366.)

THE first object of attention which arrests the eye of a stranger on his arrival at Seville, and the principal ornament of the city, is the celebrated cathedral. This is a structure of extraordinary magnificence. It stands in a spacious square near the entrance of the city, and is the chief and most conspicuous of the public edifices. The architecture is Gothick, and both the external and internal appearance is very noble. It is four hundred and twenty feet in length, two hundred and sixty-three in breadth, and in height one hundred and twenty-six. The body of the church was erected in the year 1401. It is chiefly however admired for its remarkable tower, the work of Guera, the Moor, which was built about the ninth century, and is reckoned one of the greatest curiosities in Spain. On the top of the tower stands the famous Giralda, (the moveable figure of a woman, bearing a palm branch in her hand) which is alluded to in Don Quixote. This is a brazen statue of gigantick dimensions,

which weighs nearly a ton and a half, yet turns with the slightest variation of the wind. The height of the tower is three hundred and fifty feet without including the cupola and image; which is ten feet higher than the cross of St. Paul's in London. It has no steps. You ascend by a winding path, or inclined plane, which is of such gentle ascent that a horse may trot up to the top and down again with perfect ease; and it is so wide that two horsemen may without difficulty ride abreast. One of the Queens of Spain did actually ascend it on horseback.

The prospect from the summit is very extensive and picturesque. The waters of the Guadalquivir can be traced for many leagues winding slowly through the immense plains which stretch beyond the circle of vision. At a distance, on the skirts of the horizon, the mountains which divide the kingdoms of Andalusia and Granada are faintly discerned among the clouds. There is a clock in the tower, which was made by a monk of Seville. It is an exquisite piece of mechanism. The cathedral is not so large as Westminster abbey, nor is it externally perhaps so fine a building; yet I think that its internal effect is much more striking. In one the beauty of the Gothick architecture is sullied and its general effect greatly diminished by the croud of monuments which distract the eye, and which, however interesting individually, destroy the unity of the whole. In the other, the grandeur of the edifice is rendered more impressive by the magnificence and splendour of the Romish religion. The inestimable treasures of the church, its countless decorations of silver and gold and jewels, its altars that blaze with a thousand tapers, contribute to increase the lustre of its architectural beauty.

The riches of this church are almost beyond calculation. The chief altar with all its ornaments; two statues of St. Isidore and St. Leander as large as life; a tabernacle for the host thirteen feet high, adorned with eight and forty Corinthian columns, are of solid silver. These however, compared with the gold and precious stones deposited by the piety of the catholics, which have been accumulating for ages past, are of trifling value. Since the discovery of America its riches have been greatly augmented. Seville was for many years the emporium of the American commerce. It was the only channel through which the treasures of the new world flowed into Spain. During those ages the adventurers who returned home with their ill gotten wealth, generally deposited on their arrival some por-

tion of their plunder in the cathedral as a peace-offering to their saint, and as an expiation of the crimes committed in the other hemisphere.

The cathedral contains eighty-two altars, at which five hundred masses are said daily. The archbishop has a revenue of 150,000 dollars per annum. There are eleven dignitaries belonging to the church, who wear the mitre on high festivals. There are forty canons at a salary of 1800 dollars each ; twenty prebendaries at 1400 dollars ; twenty-one minor canons at 900 dollars. There are also twenty chaunters with their assistants ; two beadles ; two masters of ceremonies ; thirty-six singing boys for the service of the altar, with a rector, vice rector and teachers of music ; nineteen chaplains ; four curates ; four confessors ; twenty-three musicians and four supernumeraries. The whole number is two hundred and thirty five.

The organ is said to be the largest in Europe. Its tones are uncommonly fine. It contains five thousand three hundred pipes, with one hundred and ten stops. The bellows are of such capacity that when stretched they will supply the organ for a quarter of an hour. The evening service commences immediately after the tolling of the bell for vespers. At this I used to be a constant attendant during my residence at Seville. The musick, both vocal and instrumental, surpasses any thing of the kind I ever heard before. It is difficult at any time to enter this magnificent cathedral without being impressed with certain indescribable feelings of solemnity. I more particularly experienced this on first visiting it the evening of our arrival. The day was not entirely expired, though the sun had been sometime below the horizon. An imperfect twilight still glimmered through the painted glass of its fourscore Gothick windows. As we paced silently along under the lofty arches, the solemn strains of musick echoed through the long ailes, and as the melancholy peals of the organ rose on the ear, it was impossible to listen unmoved. Before the great altar which flamed with numberless lights, a great concourse of people had already assembled who were on their knees attending to the sacred service. They were chaunting a hymn to the virgin ; the voices of the choristers we alone heard, their persons were concealed from view. We mingled with the croud, and knelt down at a distance from the altar. The edifice is so immense that notwithstanding the brilliancy of such a number of lights as blaze on the great altar, which seem designed to rival the

splendour of the noon day sun, the distant parts of it are enveloped in darkness. I cannot attempt to describe the excellence of the musick, or the impression which the service made. I thought at the moment that I had never heard such exquisite sounds from the human voice. The closing day each moment increased the obscurity in which the extremities of the cathedral were wrapped, and the obscurity threw over the whole an awful gloom. A profound and deathlike silence reigned among the auditors. Not a whisper could be heard. Every one seemed apprehensive lest his breathing should cause interruption. Those who entered paced along on tiptoe without noise. The figures gliding obscurely among the gigantick pillars, now dimly seen at a distance, now hidden from view, seemed to the fancy shadows of unreal beings. As the solemn chaunt rose slowly up to the vaulted roof, the musick appeared to the imagination to float in the air. Its notes could be fancied strains of incorporeal spirits, and to have something more than earthly in its sounds.

The catholick religion, striking, grand, and majestick in its exterior forms, fills the mind imperceptibly with elevated sentiments. In an edifice like this more particularly, which combines the aid of the most delightful musick, with every thing splendid in decoration, and noble in architecture, the mind is with difficulty divested of a mysterious sensation of awe mingled with an emotion of religious sublimity. From the surrounding objects the thoughts are diverted into a particular channel, and rise involuntarily beyond the confines of this lower world. The worship of the virgin is especially dear to the nations of the south. It seems a more tender affection; an affection more nearly approaching to human feelings, more closely allied to the feelings of the heart, and less mixed with apprehension, than those sentiments of awful veneration which we are accustomed to entertain towards the Supreme governour of the universe.

I usually devoted my mornings, while I continued in Seville, to viewing the numerous admirable paintings which adorn the cathedral. You here see the most famous productions of all the celebrated Spanish masters. To enumerate these, or to point out their particular beauties, would be an endless task. The most conspicuous among them are the works of Murillo. This great painter was born at Seville, in 1618, and died at Cadiz in 1682, while finishing the altar piece in the convent of Capuchins. The scaffolding on which he was sitting gave way,

when he fell down, and expired on the spot. He ranks first among the painters of this country, and his name stands very high in Europe. He is commonly called by foreigners the Spanish Vandyke. In the chapel of the conception is a nativity, near the font a St. Anthony and the baptism of Christ. In the principal sacristy are his celebrated pictures of St. Isidore and St. Leander; in another his holy family. The chapter house is wholly filled with the works of Murillo. In other parts are the paintings of Velasquez, Luis de Vargas, Ribiera, Claudio Coello, and many other artists of inferior note.

At the extremity of the cathedral lies buried the body of Ferdinand Columbus, son of Christopher Columbus, the discoverer of America. As the inscription is not only a tribute to Ferdinand, but to his father also, I was curious enough to take a copy of it. It is written in Spanish, except the six concluding lines, which are in Latin, on a plain and unadorned stone. On each side of the inscription is the figure of an ancient galley, and in the center there is engraven a globe on which is placed a pair of compasses, marking out the position of the newly discovered world. Around the globe is the following Spanish rhyme.

“A Castilla y a Leon, Nuevo mundo dio Colon.”

Columbus has given a new world to Castile and Leon.

This verse is the sole reward which that illustrious man received from his ungrateful masters, and the only tribute allowed him by his jealous contemporaries. Yet he has left behind him a name that will never die. He has already obtained from the justice of posterity that remuneration of which his base minded enemies strove vainly to deprive him. The page of history has long since rescued his fame from the aspersions of malice, and held it up with lustre to the admiration of mankind, while the names of his foes and oppressors are either consigned to everlasting oblivion, or loaded with universal contempt and execration. The letters of the inscription were so indistinctly cut, with so many abbreviations, that I had no little difficulty in decyphering it. I enclose you an exact copy. I have not translated it, because I know you can easily get that done at home, and I do not like to give myself *unnecessary trouble*.

It appears that Ferdinand was looked upon in his day as a man of taste and learning, and that he bequeathed his library to the city, consisting of 20,000 volumes. This library remains in the cathedral nearly in *statu quo*. It has received little or no augmentation since that period.

There is still existing at Seville a family by the name of *Colon*, the lineal descendants of the great Columbus. They live in penury, wretchedness, and obscurity. The ingratitude shewn to their illustrious ancestor by his mercenary sovereign has been continued through succeeding ages. The posthumous glory of their great progenitor is of little advantage to his descendants; the commiseration of a few individuals is the only benefit which they receive. The fate of Columbus and his posterity presents to the mind a melancholy picture of the baseness of human nature, and throws a stigma on the Spanish name that no age or glory hereafter acquired can ever obliterate.

Besides the cathedral and other churches, there are eighty four convents in Seville, many of which are well deserving a traveller's attention from the beauty of their architecture, as well as from the excellent paintings which they contain. I had neither time nor inclination to visit half of these, though I went to a great number. The largest of all the convents is the Franciscan, which has cells for about two hundred monks. The pencil of Murillo shine every where preeminent. The convent of Capuchins contains some of his best productions. This convent is without the walls. It has a passage under ground nearly half a mile in length, communicating with a convent of Augustins.

As we were walking through the gloomy vaults and subterranean avenues of these receptacles of superstition, the admirable descriptions of Mrs. Radcliffe frequently occurred to my recollection. I had not, however, the felicity of meeting in my rambles with any pale faced spectres, or ill-looking hobgoblins. I am rather inclined to imagine it a libel on those gentry to suppose they have no other occupation than to play hide and go seek among these dark abodes. I will nevertheless candidly confess, that had I been there alone, I am not sure whether I should not have conjured up as many ghosts and devils as were seen by Tam O Shanter dancing cotillions in the Kirk.

PORTUGUEZE LITERATURE.

From the London Quarterly Review.

Continued from page 388.

To the shame of all these poets it must be remarked, that while they were commending one another, and lavishing praise

upon every **rhymers** of rank, they never mentioned Camoens. Noble and opulent themselves, they reserved their praises for those who were noble and opulent also. Camoens was infinitely their superior by nature, but he was miserably poor, and they who felt their own inferiority, affected to neglect or to despise him whom they envied. They would not degrade themselves by commending genius in distress, and genius did not deign to notice them. There is neither occasion nor room here to enter into an examination of the merits of Camoens. Mickle has ornamented the **Lusiad** with a richness of description which is not to be found in the original, and Lord Strangford has given a character of licentiousness to his minor poems, of which the author is entirely innocent. That improvement of poetical language which in our country has with equal ignorance and absurdity been ascribed to Waller and to Pope, Camoens effected in Portuguese, nothing before him was so good, nothing after him has been better. It would require a separate dissertation to appreciate rightly this celebrated poet. So much of the English **Lusiad** belongs to the translator, that an edition in which all the variations should be pointed out, is greatly to be desired.

Heroick poetry was in fashion during that age as in this, with the poets rather than with the publick, and the presses of Spain and Portugul have teemed from that time almost to the present with epick poems. The Portuguese heroes have not the same cause of complaint as those who lived before Agamemnon ; their exploits were no sooner atchieved than they were celebrated, not merely in sonnets and complimentary odes, but at as much length as the wrath of Achilles. The poets of no other country have had a history so fertile of heroick themes. They have sung the founder of their state Count Henrique, and their first king Affonso Henriques, their deliverance from Castille by the policy of Joam I. the chivalrous valour of Nunalvares Pereira, and the patriotism of the people ; their victories in Africa, and the extinction of their power by Sebastian's utter overthrow ; the discovery of India, the conquests of Goa and of Malacca, the two sieges of Diu, and the adventures of the first settler in Bahia. Their latest adequate subject is the Braganzan revolution ; but that no publick event might go without due commemoration, an epick poem was written upon the marriage of Catharine of Portugal with Charles II. and his consequent conversion to popery ; and another in our own days upon rebuilding

Lisbon after the earthquake. In the age of fable they found Ulysses for a national hero, in ancient history the great Viriatus, whose memory it well becomes them to love and cherish. Some of these are servile imitations of Tasso, others are written without any model, but unfortunately by writers who were unequal to what they had undertaken. Many passages of striking beauty are to be found in these long works, and instances of extraordinary absurdity, and whimsical taste are still more frequent. There is scarcely one among them which would not supply materials for an amusing analysis, and specimens sufficient to rescue the author from contempt, and reprieve him from oblivion.

The octave stanza is the usual metre of these poems. Later critics have reprobated it as the worst form for narrative; they affirm that it tempts the poet to make use of vain circumlocutions, and to stuff his measure with redundant phrases and idle epithets; this he must do to eke out his meaning to the requisite length; and at other times he must cramp and crowd his thoughts by the necessity of pausing at regular distances. These objections are deduced from want of skill in the poet, rather than from any defect inherent in the stanza. Jeronymo Cortereal wrote in the *verso solto*: epithets have never been strung together with more profuse tautology than by this writer both in his *Naufragio de Sepulveda*, and his *Segundo Cerco de Diu*. The couplet has been tried in imaginary imitation of the French or English, but it is altogether a different metre from either, and the principle upon which it has been recommended is that it admits a greater variety of pauses than the octave stanza. Francisco de Pina e de Mello uses it with the occasional license of a quatrain, or of a rhymeless line in his *Conquista de Goa*, and in what he calls his *Epick-Polemick Poem*, the *Triumpho da Religiam*. Of these forms of heroick rhyme it may safely be asserted that a good poet would write well in any, and a bad one in none. The *verso solto* is a feeble measure; it might perhaps be advantageously used in dramatick writing, but sufficient trials have been made in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, to prove that it is incapable of the strength and dignity of our heroick blank verse.

In the bright morning of their literature the Portuguese had one distinguished dramatist, by name Gil Vicente. Lope de Vega and Quevedo are said to have imitated his style of satire, and it is also said that Erasmus learnt Portuguese for the sake

of reading his works, which he affirmed approached more nearly to the manner of Plautus than any author had yet done before him. Emanuel and Joam III. with their families often witnessed the representation of his plays ;—they were privately performed, and one of his daughters, who was lady of the bed-chamber to the Infanta D. Maria, acted in them. This daughter herself wrote comedies, and compiled grammars of the English and Dutch languages. A shocking anecdote is related of Gil Vicente :—growing envious of the dramatick talents which his eldest son had displayed, he sent him to India, to get rid of him, and there the youth was slain. It is remarkable that these plays have never been re-published, though they are highly esteemed, and exceedingly rare.

But notwithstanding this beginning, which was perhaps more promising than in any other country, the drama has not flourished in Portugal. The richness of the Spanish theatre has probably occasioned the poverty of the Portugeze. During the Castilian usurpation it was a wise part of the usurper's policy to render the language of the country unfashionable, and encourage the Portugeze authors to write in Spanish. There had been writers unwise enough to do this even before the fall of Sebastian,—Spanish poems are to be found among the works of Sa de Miranda, Ferreira, and Camoens himself. Fortunately however for their countrymen, Barros and Moraes and Camoens had already modelled, and enriched, and perfected their language, and given them a national literature, which pride, as well as patriotism that never lost its hope, stimulated them to preserve. But many were led astray, and, wanting either feeling or foresight, Castilianized themselves during the reign of the Philips. During this time, which was the flourishing age of the Spanish drama, Spanish plays were represented at Lisbon, as English ones are now at Edinburg. They were not in the dialect of the country, but they were sufficiently understood by all the audience. After the Braganzan revolution, as the influence of bigotry became greater, the theatre was discouraged, and, in later days, to the disgrace and degradation of national literature, the opera has supplanted it as a fashionable amusement.

Of the Portugeze, who wrote in Spanish, Manoel de Faria e Sousa is the most celebrated ; a man of great learning and considerable genius, yet of such execrable taste that his writings are rather a reproach than an honour to the language. Besides his criticisms, and the great historical works by which he is best

known, he published nine volumes of poems. It is an extraordinary fact, that no complete set is known to exist. The least imperfect, which contained only five of the nine volumes, was in possession of D. Fr. Manoel de Cenaculo Villas Boas, bishop of Beja. We say *was* in his possession, because we know not whether that truly excellent and venerable prelate be still living, nor whether his library has escaped the dreadful ravages which the French committed in that part of Alentejo, when the Portuguese first revolted against Junot and his army of ruffians.

Faria e Sousa had no lack of patriotism; he wrote in Spanish partly because he thought it more grandiloquous and therefore more suited to his own ambitious style, and partly because he expected to be more generally read. There are other writers of his age who may justly be stigmatized as literary renegados. When the Braganzan revolution took place, the literary taste of all Europe had been corrupted, and from that time, till the middle of the last century, Portugal produced no poets worthy of being ranked with those of the age of Sebastian. Even when the absurdities of a conceited and bombastick style were exploded, this degradation of language which bad writers, and especially bad poets, every where occasion, was felt and acknowledged, and the Portuguese had still farther debased it by the vile fashion of laying aside sterling old words for new ones of French derivation, and of barbarizing their own nobler tongue by introducing French idioms. The first modern poet who distinguished himself by the purity of his language, was Pedro Antonio Correa Garcam, a member of the Arcadian Society. Another member of this society, the Desembargador, Antonio Diniz da Cruz e Silva, stands unrivalled in the latter ages of Portuguese poetry. His Pindarick odes were published in 1801, after the author's death, under his Arcadian name, Elpino Nonacriense. His dithyrambicks, some of which are very spirited, still remain unprinted. The poem which has made him most popular, is a mock-heroick, consisting of eight cantos, in *verso solto*, and entitled the Hyssopaida. Joze Carlos de Lara, Dean of Elvas, used, for the sake of ingratiating himself with his bishop, to attend him in person with the hyssop, at the door of the chapter-house, whenever he officiated: after awhile some quarrel arose between them, and he then discontinued this act of supererogatory respect; but he had practised it so long that the bishop, and his party in the chapter, insisted upon it as a right, and commanded him to continue it

as a service which he was bound to perform. He appealed to the metropolitan, and sentence was given against him. This is the story of the poem. After his death, the dean's successor, who happened to be his nephew, tried the cause again and obtained a reversal of the decree; a prophetick hope of this eventual triumph is given to the unsuccessful hero. The *Hysopaida* having been long circulated in manuscript was privately printed in 1802, with the false date of London. Permission never could be obtained for publishing it; indeed it is surprising that it should ever have been asked, so undisguised is the general satire.

Domingos dos Reis Quita, who has likewise obtained a high reputation, was another member of the Portuguese Arcadia. His tragedy of *Ines de Castro* found its way, some years ago, into our language, in a publication called the *German Theatre*. Poor Domingos dos Reis would have been surprized at seeing himself there, and still more at finding the title of Don prefixed to his name, which was just as if a Frenchman had translated Burns and dignified him with the title of Milord. His father was a tradesman, who being obliged, by unfortunate circumstances, to leave Portugal, left him when only seven years old, with six other children, to be brought up by the mother in what manner she could. Remittances from the father soon failed, and Domingos, at the age of thirteen, was apprenticed to a barber. From his earliest youth he was fond of reading, and especially of poetry. Luckily the works of Camoens, and of Francisco Rodrigues Lobo, fell into his hands; he studied them, learnt great part of them by heart, and imitated the best models which the language could supply. During many years he continued to write verses in secret, and when at length he had acquired confidence enough to shew them to his friends, he produced them not as his own but as the composition of a monk in the *Azores*. An amatory sonnet betrayed him: he soon attracted the notice of his literary contemporaries, and was introduced to the Conde de S. Lourenco, who was ever afterwards one of his best friends. Having thus obtained patronage, he learnt Spanish, Italian, and French, to compensate as much as possible for the deficiency of his education, and studied all the most celebrated authors in these languages, and as many of the Greek, Latin, German and English as were translated. At this time the Portuguese Arcadian Society was formed, for the purpose of restoring fine literature, and especially poetry, in a country where they had so long and so greatly

degenerated. It is highly to the honour of those persons who established it, that Domingos dos Reis, notwithstanding his humble rank in life, was unanimously chosen one of their members. There were indeed some persons illiberal and envious enough to console themselves, for their own natural inferiority, by sarcastical remarks upon his poverty, and his former employment; but such satire neither injured him nor gave him pain. The Archbishop of Braga, when nominated to that see, would have taken him into his household, (a situation which he greatly desired, for his mind was of a religious character) had not some wretched bigot persuaded his grace that it did not become him to have a man of wit about his person; and for this crime of wit the untainted morals, unsuspected piety, and exemplary life of Domingos could not atone. Pombal thought highly of his talents, and wished to have rewarded them, but here also some envious enemy interfered, and the poet was praised and suffered to continue poor and dependant. The earthquake, which destroyed Lisbon, deprived him of the little he possessed in the world, and left him houseless and destitute; this, however, occasioned all the comforts of his future life. His best and truest friend was a lady, by name D. Theresa Theodora de Aloim, the wife of Balthezar Tara, a physician; into their house he was received when he would not else have had where to lay his head, and with them he continued to reside, rather as a brother than as one indebted to their bounty for a subsistence. In 1761, symptoms of consumption appeared in him, and brought him to the brink of the grave: but by the unremitting attentions of D. Theresa and her husband, the fatal effects of the disease were warded off. Six years afterwards he had a second attack, and was a second time preserved, Tara and his wife nursing him with incessant care, and rising many times in the night, the one to watch the changes of the disease, the other to administer food or medicine. With these excellent friends, Domingos was as happy as a man can be who feels himself dependant. Motives of duty at length made him leave a home in which he had been so long domesticated. His mother, who till this time had lived with one of her married daughters, was now, in her old age and infirmities, become burthensome to a family which was numerous and poor. Domingos therefore took a house for her, and removed to it for the purpose of contributing to the comfort of her latter days. Some of his friends represented to him that this was a rash undertaking for one who had no certain income, and no other reliance than

on Providence ; to which he replied, that Providence, by which all things had their being, which provided for the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, and which he beheld shining in the stars and vegetating in trees and herbs, would not forsake him. This faith was never put to the proof. Within six weeks after his removal, he was suddenly taken ill ; Dr. Tara immediately had him carried to his own house, that he might again be attended with that affectionate and indefatigable care which had twice before saved his life ; but the disorder baffled all medical skill, and, after six days suffering, he died, in the year 1770, and in the 43d year of his age.

RULE

FOR EXTRACTING THE CUBE ROOT BY APPROXIMATION.

DIVIDE the given number by the assumed root: extract the square root of the quotient: multiply the root thus found by 2: add to the product the assumed root: and divide the sum by 3.

EXAMPLE. What is the cube root of 256047875?

Assumed root 6,00) 2560478,75

426746	(653 Root found.
36	2
125)667	1306
5 625	600 Assumed root.
130) 42	3)1906
39	635 True root.

That the rule converges fast may be proved thus:

Let r = assumed root, and x = correction.

Then $r^3 + 3r^2x + 3rx^2 + x^3 =$ given number.

Divide by r : $r^2 + 3rx + 3x^2 + \frac{x^3}{r}$

Take away $.75x^2 + \frac{x^3}{r}$ which are very small and it becomes

a square: $r^2 + 3rx + 2.25x^2$

Extract the square root: $r + 1.5x$

Multiply by 2: $2r + 3x$

Add r : $3r + 3x$

Divide by 3: $r + x =$ true root.

The rule may be made universal for extracting the roots of any powers whatever, thus: After the necessary divisions and extractions of the square root, multiply the root found by the index of the power less 1: add the assumed root to the product: and divide the sum by the index of the power.

EXAMPLE. Required the 5th root of 12309502009375. Here there must be one division, and two extractions of the square root.

4,00) 123095020093,75

30773755023	(175424	(418.8	Root found.
1	16	4	
27) 207	81) 154	1675.2	
7 189	1 81	400	Assumed root.
345) 1873	828) 7324	5) 2075.2	
5 1725	8 6624	415	True root.
3504) 14875	836) 700		
4 14016	668		
3508) 859			
701			
158			
140			

SILVA, No. 59.

Stat vetus et multos incaedua silva per annos.

Ov. 3 Am. 1. 1.

BUCHANAN.

THIS remarkable Latin poet was born at Dunbarton in Scotland, in 1506, and received his education principally at the University of Paris, then the most celebrated seminary of literature in Christendom. He was at different periods tutor to three of the greatest men of his time; Murray, the regent during Mary's minority; James, afterwards the pedantick monarch of Great Britain; and Michael de Montaigne, who first gave to the prose of his native tongue that beauty of style, that

winning simplicity and native eloquence, which have since been successfully imitated by the best writers of the age of Louis the 14th. Buchanan died in 1582, so wretchedly poor, that his whole property was not sufficient to defray the expenses of his funeral. His poetical character stands extremely high; yet his merit does not so much consist in sublimity or lofty flights of the imagination, as in splendour of diction and harmony and variety of versification. His odes, epigrams and other miscellaneous pieces possess merit of various kinds and in unequal degrees. The following lines addressed to his mistress, I think eminently beautiful. An imperfect imitation of them by Menage and another in English, which is perhaps yet farther from the spirit of the original, than the illustrious Frenchman's, are subjoined.....

Illa mihi semper praesenti dura Neaera.

Me, quoties absum, semper abesse dolet;

Non desiderio nostri, non moeret amore,

Sed se non nostro posse dolore frui.—

.....*Pieta crudele.....*

Chi credulo l'avrebbe ?

L'empia, la cruda Jole

Del mio partir si dole.

A quel finto dolore

Non ti fidar, mio core.

Non è vera pietade

Quella che mostoa, nò, mà crudeltade.

Dell' aspro mio martire

La cruda vuol gioire

Udir la cruda i miei sospiri ardenti,

E mirar vuole i duri miei tormenti.

IMITATED FROM THE LATIN.

Whilst at Anna's feet I'm kneeling,

Breathing forth my timid vows,

She no kindred passion feeling,

Proud and scornful knits her brows.....

When I seek relief in flying,

Of my absence she complains :

Not with love but malice sighing,

That no more she sees my pains.....

ROME.

THE pronunciation of this word, as if it were written *Room* has been ridiculed as a modern refinement. That our fathers

however thus uttered it, we have sufficient evidence in the corresponding word, employed in the rhymes of many an English poet. Our puritan ancestors certainly gave it that sound, for we find by a statute of "the Massachusetts Colony," made in 1647, printed at Cambridge with the other ordinances of the government, under the admirable title of "LAWES AND LIBERTIES," 1660, that Jesuits, "men brought up and devoted to the religion and court of Room," or "ordained by the authority of the Pope or See of Room," are forbidden to enter this jurisdiction. So that it seems there is *good law* for the polite pronunciation.

LIGHT OF NATURE.

THERE is sober sense and apt illustration in the following passage of Edward Search: (Abraham Tucker, Esq.) useful to those, who placing virtue with Godwin in "impartial justice," or with Edwards and Hopkins in "love of being" may be liable to overlook the parts in their solicitude for the whole.

"It is necessary however that I should explain in what sense I recommend the pursuit of the general good as the proper end of morality. By this then I understand none other than the greatest good in our power to perform, or that conduct, which, taken in all its consequences, is likely to be the most beneficial of any other. For we can only promote the general good by adding to that of individuals; and it is very rarely that we can be of any signal service to the publick. If we stand still, waiting for opportunities of promoting the good of the whole by some grand stroke of benevolence, we shall pass away life in a dream. Moralists, indeed, continually exhort men to look to distant consequences; but there is moderation in all things; one may stretch one's view too far as well as confine it too near. He that goes along with his eyes fixed on the ground will be liable to miss his way, or run into danger; so we exhort him to look up, that he may see the windings of the path before him and the objects about him; but if he keep gaping at the distant horizon, this will be as bad as to keep poring on the ground. The proper way of judging of our rules of conduct, is by their usefulness; we ought to study the duties of life, lying every day in our way; and make ourselves perfect in the common virtues, before we attempt the shining. This love of the heroic and grand in virtue, of making painful sacrifices, and engaging in lofty enterprizes, is, for the most part, just as absurd

as if a taylor or shoemaker should live in a boat to inure himself to the hardships of a sea voyage, or lie out whole nights in a ditch, by way of preparing himself for a winter's campaign, to neither of which services he is ever likely to be called."

CRITICKS.

IN the year 1546, the council of Trent pronounced the Latin Vulgate to be authentick for a very curious reason; because said the holy fathers, if it were necessary to have recourse to the originals, the grammarians and criticks would become more important persons than the ecclesiasticks.....Criticks certainly ought to give place to those who without or even in defiance of art and rules, perform wonders in literatureThis seems to be the characteristick mark which discriminates the man of genius from the scholar.....Montesquieu, in his Persian letters, speaking of certain brisk, little Frenchmen, who gained a comfortable subsistence by teaching what they did not understand, adds, *Il me semble qu'il faut avoir beaucoup d'esprit pour cela.* Every smatterer in your trade (says the steward to the cook in Moliere) can send up a good dinner, if he is furnished with materials; but the true spirit and beauty of cookery consists in doing it without them. (*L'avare*, Act 3. Scene 5.

SELF-COMMAND,

WHETHER the gift of nature, or the fruit of patient discipline, is among the best qualities of the best men. It shows a spirit always master of itself, the same in misfortune, as in prosperity; and equal to all emergencies and contingencies. It gives a man all his talents at his call, and enables him to deliberate and decide, in moments of peril, on affairs of the utmost magnitude, with the same calmness, as when at ease on questions of simple interest. It shows itself in moderation after victory, as well as in the courage which secures it; in a kind of chivalrous courtesy, which is the opposite of whatever is insolent or oppressive; in a soul that is equally a stranger to fear and reproach; in a noble superiority of mind over body; in a perfect control of the baser appetites; and in following the dictates of religion and honour through all the varieties of condition and circumstance. Who without admiration can read of the self-command of Edward the black prince, of the Chevalier Bayard, and of Sir Philip Sidney? The noble knight last mentioned, at the battle of Zutphen, in 1586, fell into an ambus-

cade, where he received a fatal wound in his thigh. Growing thirsty with excessive loss of blood, he called for water which was brought him. But as he was putting it to his mouth, he observed a soldier fixing his eyes upon it with an eagerness of attention, that indicated a similar extremity. Sir Philip, instantly refusing it, gave it to the soldier with these words, "thy necessity is greater than mine." If this act of fortitude and generosity has its superiour, it is found in the behaviour of Epaminodas, who gloriously said, "The event of the day is decided: draw this javelin from my body now, and let me bleed."

ETYMOLOGY.

THE following passage from Dr. Burney's History of Musick is taken from the first chapter of his history of Greek musick; but rather for the sake of the note which is attached to it, than for the passage itself. It may be read with profit, if it be not already familiar, by all those who are fond of constructing theories on fancied analogies and etymologies; whether drawn from the Hebrew and Phenician, or the Tartarian and Indian languages.

"Diodorus Siculus tells us, that, according to the mythology of the Cretans, most of the gods of the Greeks were born upon their island, especially those that have acquired divine honours *by the benefits they have conferred on mankind*: however, as to the existence of these personages, the whole is doubtful now. New systems of mythology are but a series of new conjectures, as difficult to ascertain and believe as the old legends. And as these legends have been long received by the wisest men, and greatest writers of antiquity, and are at least as probable as the hypotheses of modern mythologists, I shall adhere to them, not only as being more amusing and ingenious than fancied analogies and etymologies drawn from Phenician and Hebrew roots by Bochart, the Abbe de la Pluche and others; but, because the minds of most readers will have accommodated themselves by long habit to classick opinions, imbibed during their tender years of education and credulity."

NOTE. The Bishop of Gloucester has a passage so replete with wit, humour, and satire, that I shall make no apology for inserting it at full length. In speaking of *l'Histoire du Ciel* by de la Pluche, he asks, "On what, then, is this author's paradox supported? On the common foundation of most modern philologick systems, *etymologies*; which, like fungous ex-

crescences, spring up from old Hebrew roots mythologically cultivated. To be let into this new method of improving barren sense, we are to understand that in the ancient oriental tongues, the few *primitive* words must bear many different significations ; and the numerous *derivatives* be infinitely equivocal. Hence any thing may be made of Greek proper names, by turning them to oriental sounds, so as to suit every system, past, present, and to come. To render this familiar to the reader, by example, M. Pluche's system is, that the Gentile gods came from agriculture : all he wants, then, is to pick out (consonant to the Greek proper names) Hebrew words which signify a *plow, tillage, or ear of corn* ; and so his business is done. Another comes, let it be Fourmont, and he brings news that the Greek gods were Moses or Abraham, and the same ductile sounds produce from the same primitive words, a *chief, a leader, or a true believer*, and then, to use his words, *Nier qu'il s'agisse ici du seul Abraham, c'est etre aveugle d'esprit et d'un aveuglement irremediable*. A third and fourth appear upon the scene, suppose them Le Clerc and Bonier ; who, prompted by the learned Bochart, say that the Greek gods were only *Phenician voyagers* ; and then, from the same ready sources flow *navigation, ships, and negociators* ; and when any one is at a loss in this game of crambo, which can never happen but by being duller than ordinary, the kindred dialects of the Chaldee and Arabick lie always ready to make up deficiencies. To give an instance of all this in the case of poor distressed Osiris, whom hostile criticks have driven from his family and friends, and reduced to a mere vagabond upon earth, M. Pluche derives his name from *Ochosierets, domaine de la terre* ; M. Fourmont from *Hoscheiri, habitant de Seir*, the dwelling of Esau, who is his Osiris. And Vossius from Schicher, or Sior, one of the Scripture names for the Nile. I have heard of an old humourist, and great dealer in etymologies, who boasted that he not only knew whence words came, but whither they were going. And indeed, on any system-maker's telling me his scheme, I will undertake to shew, *whither all his old words are going* ; for in strict propriety of speech, they cannot be said to be *coming from*, but *going to*, some old Hebrew root. There are certain follies, of which this seems to be in the number, whose ridicule strikes so strongly, that it is felt even by those who are most subject to commit them. Who that has read M. Huet's *Demonstratio Evangelica*, would have expected to

see him satirize with so much spirit the very nonsense with which his own learned book abounds? *Le veritable usage de la connoissance des langues etant perdu, l'abus y a succede. On s'en est servi pour etymologiser : on veut trouver dans l'Hebreu et ses dialectes la source de tous les mots, et de toutes les langues, pour barbares et etranges qu'elles puissent etre. Se presente-t-il un nom de quelque roi d'Ecosse, ou de Norvege ; on se met aut champs avec ses conjectures ; on en va chercher l'origine dans la Palestine. A-t'-on de la peine a l'y rencontrer? On passe en Babylone. Ne s'y trouve-t-il point ; l'Arabie n'est pas loin : et en besoin on pousseroit jusqu' en Ethiopie, plutot que de se trouver court d'etymologies ; et l'on bat tant de pays, qu'il est impossible enfin qu'on ne trouve un mot qui ait quelque convenance de lettres et de son avec celui, dont on cherche l'origine. Par cet art on trouve dans l'Hebreu ou ses dialectes, l'origine des noms du roi Artur et de tous les Chevaliers de la table ronde ; de Charlemagne et des douze pairs de France ; et meme en besoin, de tous les Incas de Perou. Par cet art, un Allemand, que j'ai connu prouvoit que Priam avoit ete le meme qu'Abraham : et Aeneas le meme que Jonas. Lettre au Bochart. Div. Leg. b. 4. sec. 4.*

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

REMARKS ON ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS OF THE ROMAN POETS.

No. 9.

THE difficulty of presenting Lucretius to the English reader in such a dress as to be tolerably engaging, must be manifest from the nature of the subjects, which the poet selected for his work. Having already given a brief analysis of *Lucretius de Rerum Natura*, I proceed to make some observations on the English versions of the poem.

The first who had the boldness to attempt an entire translation of that author into English verse, was Creech.* After accomplishing, in his own way, an undertaking apparently desperate, he received those poetical addresses of exaggerated praise, which were in his time the common lot of such as proved patient drudges in this species of labour. But his ver-

* The first edition was printed in 1682.

sion is for the most part a dull and lifeless performance ; seldom rising above mediocrity, and generally falling below it. He does indeed preserve a likeness of Lucretius ; but it is a clumsy statue or an aukward daubing. Too much, however, should not be expected from such a *crabbed subject* as Lucretius has chosen. Filled with the jargon of atomical absurdities, and obscure or absurd speculations, his poem defies the power of the English muse, and mocks the exercise of any intellect.

What idea is conveyed to the reader by such a jumble of rhymes as the following ?

.....Nisi erit minimum parvissima quaeque &c.

L. I. 609.

.....Suppose no least, then seeds refined,

Too small for sense, nay, scarce perceived by mind,

Would still be full, still num'rous parts contain,

No end, no bound, but infinite the train ;

And thus the greatest and the smallest frame

Would both be equal, and their bounds the same.

CREECH.

This is a fair specimen of the greater part of the first book of Creech's Lucretius ; and the reader who peruses it through, deserves the same kind of praise, though not the same degree, as the labourer, who works faithfully at the machine, of whose mechanism he is wholly ignorant. It should be added, that this example is above the usual standard of the author's metrical abilities. In those parts of the poem that consist entirely of the gross, and obscure, and dogmatical philosophy of Lucretius, he often makes verses, which conform to no laws of English prosody.

The following detached lines, selected without diligent search, would hardly be suspected of having their rhyming fellows.

And can with safety trust her infant buds to the mild air.

For nature then would want fit seeds to work upon.

But their contexture or their motion disagrees.

But if men would live up to reason's rules.

They came, and brought with them additional flame.

Such rhymes as the following, were probably intended to relieve the reader amidst the dry speculations, by interspersing occasional amusement.

Next let's examine, with a curious eye,
 Anaxagoras' philosophy,
 By copious Greece termed homoeomery. }
 Not animals alone, but heav'n, earth, seas,
 Are placed in their own proper species.
 But grant the world eternal, grant it knew
 No infancy ; and grant it never new.

In the commencement of the second book of Lucretius, where it would be inexcusable to translate badly, a few lines are rendered in a tolerable manner :

Suave mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis,
 E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem ;
 Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
 Sed quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est.
 Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri
 Per campos instructa, tuâ sine parte pericli ;
 Sed nil dulcius est, bene quam munita tenere,
 Edita doctrinâ sapientum templa serena.*

L. II. 1. &c.

'Tis pleasant, when the seas are rough, to stand
 And view another's danger,—safe at land ;
 Not 'cause he's troubled, but 'tis sweet to see
 Those cares and fears, from which ourselves are free.
 'Tis also pleasant to behold from far
 How troops engage, secure ourselves from war ;
 But above all 'tis pleasantest to get
 The top of high philosophy, and sit }
 On the calm peaceful flourishing head of it.

Even in these few lines the translator has discovered his imbecility ; and this too, when aiming to soar to the summit of philosophy. He was certainly giddy with the prospect, and never reached the intended height. Safer by far would he have been, if, with his accustomed servility, he had followed his master, and had not attempted to soar with such feeble wings.

* Dryden was happier than Creech in rendering these excellent lines of Lucretius.

'Tis pleasant safely to behold from shore
 The rolling ship, and hear the tempest roar ;
 Not that another's pain is our delight,
 But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight.
 'Tis pleasant also to behold from far,
 The moving legions mingled in the war ;
 But much more sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide }
 To virtue's heights, with wisdom well supplied,
 And all the magazines of learning fortified.

But it is seldom his good fortune, in three successive couplets, to avoid a flat, unmeaning, or prosaick line.

In the fourth book Creech rises above the ordinary level of his verse; and yet the very first line is a silly, disgusting interpolation.

I feel, I rising feel poetick heats.

In the description of the senses he has several passages about as luminous as those of his author, though in versification considerably inferiour to the mellifluous lines of Darwin upon similar subjects. The following lines partly exhibit the doctrine of images, adverted to in my last number.

Principio hoc dico, rerum simulacra vagari. &c.

L. IV. 728.

First then thin images fill all the air,
Thousands on every side, and wander there;
These, as they meet, in various dance will twine,
As threads of gold, or subtle spider's line:
For they are thin, for they are subtler far,
Than fairest things, that to the sight appear.
These pass the limbs; no narrow pores control,
They enter through, and strike the airy soul.
Hence 'tis we think we see, and hence we dread
Centaur's and Scyllas, Cerberus' monstrous head,
And many empty shadows of the dead. }

At the close of the book, which treats of the nature of love, the translation before us evinces, that this part of Lucretius, to be decently interpreted, requires all the delicacy and art of a Gifford.

It would be gratifying to give credit to Creech for a happy paraphrase of the following lines, if the first couplet did not resemble Cowley, so much more than Lucretius, as to render it at least doubtful, to which of them he is indebted.

Pars etiam glebarum ad diluvium revocatur
Imbribus, et ripas radentia flumina rodunt.

L. V. 256.

And gentle rivers too, with wanton play,
That kiss their rocky banks, and glide away,
Take somewhat still from the ungentle stone,
Softens the parts, and make them like their own.

CREECH.

.....The stream, with wanton play,
Kisses the smiling banks, and glides away.

COWLEY'S DAVIDEIS.

In describing the origin of musick, Creech seems to have felt some of its charms, and of a sudden attuned his loose-stringed lyre.

At liquidas avium voces imitarius ore. &c.

V. 1378.

.....The birds instructed man,
And taught *them* songs, before *their* art began;
And while soft evening gales blew o'er the plains,
And shook the sounding reeds, they taught the swains;
And thus the pipe was framed, and tuneful reed;
And whilst the tender flocks securely feed,
The harmless shepherds tuned the pipes to love,
And *Amaryllis* sounds in every grove.

Of these lines, which are far from being faithful to the original, the last is a translation, entirely gratuitous, from the following lines in the first Eclogue of Virgil:

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.

The plague of Athens, which forms an interesting and affecting conclusion of the poem of Lucretius, Creech has translated more uniformly well, than any other part of his author.* But he is justly charged with imitating the Bishop of Rochester (Dr. Sprat) on the same subject; forsaking that close adherence to the original, for which he is sometimes distinguish-

* In his account of the plague at Athens, Lucretius appears to have followed with tolerable exactness the history of the same fatal and loathsome disease, given by Thucydides. The symptoms with which it was attended, and its effects on the morals of the people, differ in no material point in the description of the poet, from that which was previously given by the historian. Yet so wonderfully is the power of poetry combined with the accuracy of history, that we are presented with a picture more striking, and approaching nearer to a sensible exhibition of the real objects portrayed, than could possibly be exhibited by the most exact narration of the mere historian.

The plague of Athens, as it is called, took place in the first year of the Peloponnesian war, and extended not only over the city of Athens, in which it first appeared, but also over the whole region of Attica.

ed.* The following couplet is a palpable example in point, and has not the least foundation in Lucretius :

The wind that bore the fate, went slowly on,
And, as it went, was heard to sigh and groan.

CREECH.

The loaded wind went slowly on,
And, as it passed, was heard to sigh and groan.

SPRAT.

Such an interpolation as appears in the second of the following lines is unpardonable, and gives an air of burlesque to the description of the excessive heat and thirst, that accompanied the disease above referred to, that is strangely misplaced :

In vain they drank ; for when the water came
To th' burning breast, *it hissed before the flame.*

Lucretius indeed uses a figure fully adequate to his purpose :

Flagrabat stomacho flamma, ut fornacibus, intus ;

But the imagination of Creech has furnished an experiment, which never occurred to Lucretius.

I have now done with Creech, and cannot think him deserving of those high commendations, that Duke and Dryden have so liberally bestowed on him.† Duke was a flatterer, and Dryden was willing to make even an awkward apology for any seeming interference as a translator. The praise of fidelity, in general, is due to Creech ; though he has sometimes retrenched the original, and sometimes inserted matter of his own. His work, including as well his own annotations, as his version

* See notes on the sixth book of Creech's Lucretius ; Anderson's British Poets, vol. 13.

† The reader is here presented with this gross and unqualified panegyric upon the translation of Creech from the pen of Duke.

What laurels should be thine, what praise thy due ;
What garlands, mighty poet, should be graced by you ?
Though deep, though wond'rous deep *his* sense does flow,
Thy shining style does all its riches show ;
So clear the stream, that through it we descry
All the bright gems, that at the bottom lie.

Dryden calls him "the ingenious and learned translator of Lucretius, whose reputation is already established in that poet."

MISCEL. v. 2d. pref.

of the poem, evinces industry; but he was sometimes impatient and careless. His materials were hard, and difficult to mould, and after he had obtained a form, he imagined that his labour was at an end; for he knew not the art of polishing.

There was an edition of Lucretius published in seventeen hundred and forty-three, in two volumes, octavo, with a free, prose, English version, by Guernier and others. To communicate the meaning of the more abstruse parts of Lucretius, a prose translation may be more competent than one in verse; but to those portions where his imagination takes wing, or where he exercises his happy powers of description, we should no doubt have occasion to apply the words of Roscommon:

Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
And shows the stuff, but not the workman's skill.

The translations of Creech and Guernier, except that of Mr. Good,* which has recently appeared, are the only versions of the whole of Lucretius, in our language. Parts of this author have been translated by Evelyn, Sprat, Dryden, Beattie, and Wakefield.

Dryden, who left few of the ancient poets untouched, and never disgraced what he handled, rendered some parts of Lucretius in a manner very different from that of Creech.† He does not profess however to have given a strict translation of those fragments of his author that he selected; for it was his avowed design "to make him as pleasant as he could." Indeed many of Dryden's versions, as they are called, may with great propriety be termed imitations;‡ but the portions he has drawn from Lucretius, may with greater justice be denominated paraphrase.

The following example shows the sprightliness of Dryden's manner.

Cerberus et Furiae jam vero, &c.

L. III. 1024.

* I shall make some remarks on this translation in my next number.

† See Dryden's Miscellanies, vol. 2.

‡ There are several translations in his miscellanies of this equivocal character; particularly those of the Idyllia of Theocritus; in one of which he makes Chloris say,

I'll die as pure as Queen Elizabeth;

which the English reader may set down for a singular anachronism of Dryden, or a wonderful prophecy of the Grecian virgin.

As for the dog, the furies, and their snakes,
 The gloomy caverns and the burning lakes,
 And all the vain infernal trumpery,
 They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be ;
 But here on earth the guilty have in view
 The mighty pains to mighty mischiefs due ;
 Racks, prisons, poisons, the Tarpeian rock,
 Stripes, hangmen, pitch, and suffocating smoke.*

Dryden selected the more poetical parts of Lucretius only. For translating the close of the fourth book, in which, like his author, he always speaks plainly, he offers no apology, that he expected would be received ; but he must have the credit of rendering it into rich verse, and of imparting to those passages, that are in themselves decent, a high degree of delicacy and feeling.

* Compare Creech, Book 3d, line 1015.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

The following tributary lines conclude Mr. Head's anniversary Poem before the Society of ΦΒΚ, and are extracted from the copy deposited in the Library of the Institution.

ALAS how frail all human pleasures glow !
 This festive day must hear the voice of woe.
 Restor'd from climes bright with poetick bloom,
 Where glory's laurel waves o'er Virgil's tomb, 300
 A favour'd bard, to all the Muses known,
 For us awoke his lyre's enchanting tone.....
 That matchless lyre has death's cold hand unstrung
 And left its honours to a feeble tongue.
 Sicilian Muses, all your treasures pour,
 The fragrant lily and the purple flower,
 With mingled sweets to grace his timeless urn
 Whom Genius weeps and all the Virtues mourn :
 These, these at least our pious hands may spread,
 The unavailing honours of the dead. 310

Ver. 301. Winthrop Sargent, having twice visited Italy for the restoration of his health, was appointed to deliver the Anniversary Poem, in 1807. A few days before the celebration he was attacked by a pulmonary disease, which terminated his life on the 10th. January, 1808.

Ver. 305. Manibus date lilia plenis ;
 Purpureos spargam flores, animamque amici
 His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
 Manere.

Virg.

TRANSLATION OF ODE 17. BOOK 2. OF HORACE.

Cur me querelis exanimas tuis, &c.

WHY kill thy friend with grief and pain,
Ah ! why so mournfully complain ?
The gods can never so decree,
Nor can it be endured by me,
That thou, Maecenas first shouldst fall
The prey of fate that conquers all,.....
The column fair, that decks my name,
That props my fortune and my fame.
From me should death untimely tear
My life's lov'd half, I least could spare,.....
But half himself, nor half so dear,
Ah ! why should Horace linger here ?
The day, that shuts its light from thee,
Shall be the last, that visits me.
It is no vain perfidious vow,
The gods have heard, and witness now :
Whenever thou, my friend must go,
And cross the joyless lake below,
We will, we will together tread
The hidden mansions of the dead ;
Together make our last remove,
Prepared the extreme of fate to prove.
Tho' there chimeras huge, and dire
Oppose my steps with blasts of fire,
Tho' mighty Gias there display
His hundred hands to bar my way,
In vain shall force with flames combine
To tear my faithful shade from thine.
So justice wills her fixt decree,
With her the unchanging fates agree.
Whether on me its aspect cast,
As o'er my natal hour it past,
Or Libra, or the scorpion fierce,
Whose sting did erst Orion pierce ;
Or whether I to light was born
Beneath the stormy Capricorn,
Who bids the wintry tempest rave,
And lash the dark Hesperian wave ;
Our stars with strange consent agree,
And mark our mutual destiny.
On thee Jove look'd propitious down,
To save from impious Saturn's frown ;
His guardian radiance round thee shone,

And ere the mortal shaft had flown,
 He check'd the approaching flight of fate;
 When thrice the people, all elate
 At thy approach, with plausible voice
 Bade the throng'd theatre rejoice.
 Me too, a falling tree had slain,
 Had crush'd the cell that shields the brain,
 If Faunus, prompt and faithful still
 Mercurial men to guard from ill,
 Had not with his right hand reliev'd
 The blow, and thus my life repriev'd.
 To Jove erect the votive fane,
 His altars let thy victims stain.
 To Faunus grateful I've decreed,
 Forthwith a humble lamb shall bleed.

H*****

TRANSLATION OF THE 22d. ODE OF BOOK I. OF HORACE.

Integer vitæ, &c.

THE man upright and pure in heart,
 Whose life no stain nor blemish knows,
 Nor needs the Moorish spear nor dart,
 Nor poison'd shafts where'er he goes ;....

O'er desert sands 'mid summer's blaze,
 Or Caucasus of clime severe,
 Or where the fam'd Hydaspes strays,
 And rolls in gold his current clear.

For late, a wolf, as free of care
 Far in the Sabine woods I stray'd,
 And sung of Lalage, my fair,
 Saw me unarm'd, and fled afraid.

Yet not a fiercer monster roves,
 Of feller rage, unwont to spare,
 In Daunia's woods or Africk's groves
 Tho' lions whelp, and wander there.

Then be my lot to rest or roam,
 Far in the dreariest tract of earth,
 In sterile realms, where nature's bloom
 Expires with constant cold or dearth

Where ne'er a breeze refreshing strays,
Nor woodlands wave their branches green,
Where lowering clouds, and joyless days
In gloom for ever wrap the scene ;

Or where, beneath the burning sun,
No cheerful haunts of man appear,
So near his flaming coursers run,
His glowing chariot rolls so near ;

Love my companion still shall be,
And all my wandering steps beguile ;
In fancy still my Lalage
Shall sweetly speak, and sweetly smile.

H*****

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

REMARKS on our review of Coelebs by "a friend to our miscellany," who desires to unite the spirit with the name of Christian, have been received. He thinks we have been too parsimonious of praise, and have censured in some instances without reason. Let the readers judge. We wish they had his light ; but if we give a place to his communication, we shall be obliged, to be "consistent," to admit others to occupy our pages with exceptions to our judgment of books, till our Review is nothing but a mint of controversies.

Our correspondent intimates that our strictures should have been illustrated by extracts. Extracts from a book so much diffused appeared to us unnecessary and even impertinent. In our notice of Coelebs we considered ourselves more as expressing sentiments of a book generally read, than influencing expectation concerning one yet to be known.

The remarks of our friend, signed "Steady Habits," is received with pleasure, and we shall afford it a place in our next number. We regret that it will be necessary to divide it ; but we have no fear of injuring its general effect by division.

THE
BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR

JANUARY, 1810.

Librum tuum legi, et quam diligentissime potui annotavi quae commutanda, quae eximenda
arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam
qui maxime laudari merentur. Plin.

ARTICLE I.

*Works of Fisher Ames, compiled by a number of his friends, to
which are prefixed notices of his life and character. Nihil tetigit
quod non ornavit. Boston, T. B. Wait and Co. 1809. 8vo.
519 pages.*

(Continued from vol. vii. page 410.)

THE detestation, which at all times he expresses against the temporizing, irritating course of policy, which the Jefferson administration chose to adopt towards the British government, and in which, without any essential injury to her, and without any imaginary benefit to the United States, such a state of things was preserved, as was neither friendly nor hostile, neither calculated to obtain redress for past wrongs, nor to attain security against future, gave those who hated, or feared the influence of his genius and virtue, an opportunity to represent him, according to the usual artifices of political animosity, as willing to abandon the interests of the United States to those of Great Britain, and desirous to prostrate our independence at the foot of her supremacy. These calumnies, which assailed him while living, begin to draw away now reluctantly from his sepulchre.

The integrity of his political and the purity of his private life, no man, who has any character to stake, will now dare to take upon himself the responsibility of impeaching. His opinions, such as they were, are open to candid censure or wise reproof. If he mistook the interest or was blind to the

real prospects of his country, they were the **errours** of a mind zealous, perhaps in over measure, for its **prosperity** and honour ; of a mind that applied to political conduct, possibly, too high and nice a standard of political duty, and that allowed itself in deploring casual and temporary, as though they were necessary and permanent aberrations from patriotick obligations.

The evidence is abundant in every part of this volume, that the noble sentiment, with which he closed his **speech** against Mr. Madison's resolutions, in 1794, was a predominating principle, at every period of his life.

* "Let us assert a genuine independence of spirit ; we shall be false to our duty and feeling as Americans, if we basely descend to a servile dependence on France or Great Britain."

It was ever the aspiration of his heart and struggle of his life to make his countrymen *really* independent. And for this purpose, he dared to look into all the consequences of political conduct, and to expose them to their contemplation, whether the truth, which he thought he had discovered, was palatable, or disgusting. He perceived that the affairs of the world were involved in an extraordinary crisis, and that the fates of his own country could not be regarded abstractedly from those which awaited the nations, with which it was connected. Of the men, who sat at the helm, he could not forget by what means they had attained power, nor fail to be jealous of such men, in the exercise of it. Of the justice of some of the claims they advanced, he was doubtful ; the prudence of asserting others, in all their theoretick extent, he questioned ; as the only means proposed of maintaining them were calculated to injure his own countrymen, without materially affecting foreign nations, he was indignant at them. No where does he oppose the augmentation of any efficient means of offence, or defence. On the contrary, the uncertainty of a revenue, solely dependent upon commerce, the insufficiency of our army, the destruction of the hopes of our navy, were the perpetual themes of his regret and censure. And this at a time, when the resources he desired to establish, and the force to be increased, would have tended only to give strength and patronage to an administration, in which he had no confidence and over which he could hope to have no influence. The in-

dependence of his country he wished to see resting, not on temporary expedients, on popular excitements or the utterance of vain declamations, but on the basis of pecuniary resources, and on naval and military means and skill, which should be seasonably put in preparation.

That this was without reference to any thing else than the assurance of our liberties and rights against any aggressor, is sufficiently apparent from the general tenour of his writings. We shall, however, cite only two instances, in one of which he looks definitely at preparation against Great Britain, in the other against France. We know not, in what language patriotism can better express its honest zeal for national independence, or how its truth or impartiality can be less dubiously displayed. In relation to the aggressions of the former upon our neutral rights, he thus, in 1806, expresses himself.

* "A solicitude about the ability of Great Britain to resist France, will be understood by *some* of the weak, and will be misrepresented by *all* the base and unprincipled, as implying a desire, that the United States, in respect to maritime rights and national dignity, should lie at the mercy of the mistress of the ocean. *On the contrary*; let every real American patriot insist, that our government should place the nation on its proper footing, as a naval power. With a million tons of merchant shipping, and a hundred thousand seamen, equally brave and expert, it is the fault of a poor-spirited administration, that we are insignificant and despised. It is their fault, that our harbours are blockaded, by three British ships, and that outrages are perpetrated within the waters that form part of our jurisdiction, such as no circumstances can justify. Can there exist a stronger proof, that our insignificance is to be ascribed to a bad administration, than this single fact: with the greatest merchant marine in the world, except one, and, of consequence, capable of being soon the second naval power, (in our own seas, the first,) we are utterly helpless: that, in the opinion even of our rulers themselves, our only mode of redress, when our commerce is obstructed, is TO DESTROY OUR COMMERCE!! We have the means for its protection, which our administration, unhappily, think it would prove more expensive to use, than its protection would be worth. They would provide against the violation of our territory by *tribute*, and of our commerce by *non-importation*."

His views of the duty in relation to French aggressions are perfectly consentaneous with those expressed in the preceding passage, and he thus exhibits them.

† "Supposing, then, that the French empire is, in its very structure and principles, a temporary sway, that the causes, whatever they may be, which have made its action irresistible, produce and prolong a re-action sufficient

in the end to counteract their impulse, ought we not, as men, as patriots, to hope, that Great Britain may be able to protract her resistance, till that re-action shall be manifested? And, as mere idle wishes are unbecoming the wise and the brave, ought not the American nation to make haste to establish such a navy as will limit the conqueror's ravages to the dry land of Europe? We have more than a million tons of merchant shipping; more, much more, than queen Elizabeth of England, and Philip II. of Spain, both possessed, in the time of the famous armada. We may be slaves in soul, and possess the means of defence, without daring to use them. We do possess them, and, if our spirit bore proportion to those means, in a very few years our ships could stretch a ribbon across every harbour of France, and say with authority to the world's master, stop; here thy proud course is stayed."

This surely is not the language of a man who despaired of the means, or held at a cheap rate the spirit of his countrymen. Yet this is among the last writings of our author, and, considering the nature of its subject, the duration of the despotism and the dangerous power of France, is perhaps of all others the one, in which those dispositions had they existed, as has been pretended, would have appeared in their fullest strength. But the truth is, that he never, in fact, for one moment, abandoned the belief both of our competency to defend ourselves, and of the adequacy of our national spirit to such a result, provided our means were not suffered to lie inactive, and our spirit were not broken by a timid, and time-serving administration. It is true, that he was a believer in the practicability of the establishment of that universal empire, toward which Buonaparte, with no short strides, was advancing. And his great purpose was to make his fellow citizens contemplate such an event, and reason and act in reference to its possibility. He looked at the French conqueror, and saw that on the continent he was omnipotent. He inquired what stood between the United States and collision with this colossal chieftain. He found nothing but Britain and her navy. These removed, or commanded by Buonaparte, his empire touched our shores; he could step from his own territory upon ours. Concerning our competency to cope with such a power, he reasoned, he doubted; not because he set at a cheap rate the natural prowess of his countrymen, but because they made no preparation, neither encouraged military men, nor augmented military means.

"Far be it from us to believe that our fellow citizens in the militia are not brave. Their very bravery, we apprehend, would ensure their defeat; they would dare to attempt, what militia cannot achieve."

That he did not believe, that the United States would be able solely to resist a power, before which Europe was humbled, after the last retreat of its independence had been subjugated with Great Britain, has been imputed to him as a crime. To some it seems little less than treachery, to represent the continuance of our liberties, as dependent on the maintenance of any proportion of power among foreign nations. Yet absolute independence is no more the lot of a nation than of an individual. Our liberties, like those of every other nation, depend upon our physical strength. This is always comparative. In proportion as the powers of all other nations are absorbed by one nation, do the dangers of our independence grow more imminent.

Foresight was given to man to enable him to shape his conduct by distant consequences. It is the duty of men of talents to estimate and weigh them. Shall he alone be permitted to express the result of his inquiries, who coincides with our prejudices, flatters our pride, or panders to our passions? If a preponderating power is about to overthrow the last obstacle to ambition, is it for the interest of truth, or the people, that those wise men, who think they see in its success, the destruction of their country's safety, should be prohibited from uttering the result of their inquiries, accompanied by the considerations, on which their convictions are founded? And who will speak, or who will reason, in coincidence with the interest of the people and contrary to their prepossessions, if, on these accounts, they are to be made obnoxious to insinuations of treachery and corruption? The malign shafts, to which such men are naturally subject, where the publick sentiment does not interpose a shield in their behalf, will be found an obstacle, which very few men have the nerve to attempt to surmount. When any one, as in the present instance, at the hazard of popularity and influence, gives such eminent examples of his love of truth and sincerity, he deserves our admiration and applause, even if we do not coincide in the result of his judgments, and doubt the reasonableness of his apprehensions.

Whether Britain will be able to maintain the combat alone against Buonaparte, is a natural subject of solicitude and inquiry. The patriot, who believes that she may be brought into subjection, and that her marine will, at no very distant period, be at the command of the iron-crowned conqueror, has surely as much right to support his opinions as he, who believes in

more pleasant and less awakening doctrines. None of the aspects, which may attend the fates of the United States, in consequence of such an event, can be indifferent to a patriotic mind. If investigation satisfy any one, that with the result our peace, and perhaps our independence, is inseparably connected, and to human eye dependent, what good man shall refrain from giving it publicity? If there be error, let it be exposed. If there be other grounds of hope, let them be fortified. But let no intelligent man be prevented, by clamour or intemperate insult, from publishing the result of his inquiries, whether they support, or whether they contravene our preconceived prejudices; lest when necessity shall make us willing to hear truth, the events of the world shall have made it too late to profit by it.

Our constitution has made it the right of every citizen, who pleases, perhaps the duty of all, who have leisure and ability, to investigate the interests of the nation and the conduct of its administration. He, who tells a people that they are invincible, that their wisdom is without danger of error, their virtue incapable of corruption, their fates superiour to the common laws of the human constitution and the ordinary caprice of fortune, cannot fail to gather a great and attentive audience which he will retain, until a more supple and less scrupulous candidate shall offer more gross sacrifices to prejudice and vanity. He, who crosses their inclinations, contradicts their prepossessions, alarms their fears, exposes the nation's weakness, or censures its vices, seems at first to act the part of an enemy, is easily rendered an object of suspicion, and a willing ear is lent to those, who would make him a victim of popular hatred. Yet, with such thankless exertions, the truest patriotism is often identified. As the dangers which surround our liberty grow more immediate and press upon the senses, with a more irresistible obtrusiveness, will the penetration, which was able to discern the destructive germs of licentiousness in their first shootings, and the spirit which, fearless of obloquy, dared to display them in all their deformity, become the objects of admiration and honour. The people is a sovereign, as liable as any other to be beset by parasites and sycophants; and there is no more certain sign of a swift impending ruin, than when such alone gain their ear, and influence their authority.

The views, which Mr. Ames took of the dangers which beset the world from the preponderance of French power, led him

to look with gratitude and honour upon the exertions made by the British government, in defence of the liberties of that nation, and as he had taught himself to believe of the civilized world. His sentiment fell little short of veneration, which the hazards impending over his own country associated in his mind with the spirit of patriotism. Yet on this account to render the form of that government popular in the United States, or to recommend its adoption to his fellow-citizens, in preference to their own, was ever far from his thought.

* "The idea of a royal or aristocratical government for America, is very absurd. It is repugnant to the genius, and totally incompatible with the circumstances of our country. Our interests and our choice have made us republicans. We are too poor to maintain, and too proud to acknowledge, a king."

† "It is, and ever has been my belief, that the federal constitution was as good, or very nearly as good, as our country could bear; that the attempt to introduce a mixed monarchy was never thought of, and would have failed, if it had been made; and could have proved only an inveterate curse to the nation, if it had been adopted cheerfully, and even unanimously, by the people."

‡ "The present happiness of that nation rests upon old foundations, so much the more solid, because the meddlesome ignorance of professed builders has not been allowed to new lay them. We may be permitted to call it a *matter of fact* government. No correct politician will presume to engage, that the same form of government would succeed equally well, or even succeed at all, any where else, or even in England under any other circumstances. Who will dare to say, that their monarchy would stand, if this generation had raised it? Who, indeed, will believe, if it did stand, that the weakness produced by the novelty of its institution would not justify, and, even from a regard to self-preservation, compel an almost total departure from its essential principles?"

Mr. Ames had too deep an insight into the nature of the human heart and too thorough an acquaintance with history, not to be sensible that the government of a nation, to give prosperity and content, must grow out of the condition and circumstances of the people, and have reference to the state of their knowledge, property, virtue, and external relations; that the duty of a patriot was not to rest content with devising and recommending forms of government, but, by instilling sound principles into the minds of his fellow-citizens, to prepare the way for the gradual adoption of such new securities for their safety and liberties, as experience and opportunity should offer. In executing this duty, he was especially zealous to impress

deeply on the people the necessity of placing guards on the democrattick tendencies of **our** constitution, and to stimulate them to the preservation of **those** checks which it had devised, and which he perceived **ambition** and party-spirit gradually undermining.

* "Popular sovereignty is scarcely **less** beneficent than awful, when it resides in their courts of justice ; **there** its office, like a sort of human providence, is to warn, enlighten, and protect ; when the people are inflamed to seize and exercise it in **their** assemblies, it is competent only to kill and destroy. Temperate liberty is like the dew, as it falls unseen from its own heaven ; constant without **excess**, it finds vegetation thirsting for its refreshment, and imparts to it **the** vigour to take more. All nature, moistened with blessings, sparkles in the morning ray. But democracy is a water spout, that bursts from the clouds, and lays the ravaged earth bare to its rocky foundations. The labours of man lie whelmed with his hopes beneath masses of ruin, that bury not only the dead, but their monuments."

Under the influence of this **spirit**, we find every part of his work abounding in illustrations and enforcements of those principles, on which, in his judgment, our republick could alone be made permanent.

† "Experience has shewn, and it ought to be of all teaching the most profitable, that any government by **mere** popular impulses, any plan that *excites*, instead of restraining, the passions of the multitude, is a despotism : it is not, even in its beginning, much **less** in its progress, nor in its issue and effects, *liberty*."

‡ "How little is it considered, that arbitrary power, no matter whether of prince or people, makes tyranny ; and that in salutary restraint is liberty."

§ "Liberty is not to be enjoyed, indeed it cannot exist, without the habits of just subordination : it consists, not so much in removing all restraint from the orderly, as in imposing it on the violent."

|| "If Americans adopt them, and attempt to administer our orderly and rightful government by the agency of the popular passions, we shall lose our liberty at first, and in the very act of making the attempt ; next, we shall see our tyrants invade every possession that could tempt their cupidity, and violate every right that could obstruct their rage."

¶ "The great spring of action with the people in a democracy, is their fondness for one set of men, the men who flatter and deceive, and their outrageous aversion to another, most probably those who prefer their true interest to their favour."

It is the chief object of all his writings to make the sober reason of society vigilant, to inculcate the necessity of self-

* Page 431.

† Page 210.

‡ Page 241.

§ Page 244.

|| Page 245.

¶ Page 423.

control on the passions, to expose the dangers which resulted, in republicks, from ambition, licentiousness, vice and ignorance. The weight of his opinions is for the most part thrown against popular impulse and national prejudices. He touches with the spear of Ithuriel the evil spirit of democracy, in the midst of its malign whisperings at the ear of the American people, and

to its own likeness ; up he starts

Discovered and surprised.

His opinions concerning the questions, in controversy between the government of the United States and that of Great Britain, were modified by what appeared to him attainable good, and by his sense of the unquestionable exigency of the times, rather than by the result of any scholastick research or abstract reasoning. An extraordinary crisis in the state of mankind existed. It required the exertion of extraordinary powers by that nation, which alone seemed to possess the will and ability to maintain its independence. He admitted, that the law of self-preservation was paramount to the right of neutrals to traffick in colonial produce. The plea of necessity seemed to him to be valid to the extent urged by Great Britain, in relation to that traffick. * He was anxious that his country should not be involved in war for rights, which grew out of our neutral situation, and which would be lost, whenever it was abandoned.

His arguments are urged with more ingenuity than research. It was a subject on which books could throw but little light, as it was the result of recent relations among the nations of the world, of which those of former times had no example ; or at least none of any strong affinity. The conclusiveness of his reasoning this is not the place, or the season to investigate. The question has been fully agitated in the presence of the American people ; who have not shewn themselves willing (whatever may have been their opinion of the principle) to alter their relations, and take the state of a belligerent for the maintenance of their rights as neutrals to the colonial trade. The end of Mr. Ames's reasoning has been accomplished. His country is yet at peace, and we have not yet thrown ourselves into the scale of the French emperor, already too weighty for the residue of Europe.

It is not surprising that an argument, such as the reflections of Mr. Ames and his sense of duty impelled him to urge, should not meet with an indulgent, or very patient audience. To limit the field of mercantile enterprise is never likely to be received

with complacency by a commercial community. Those, who recommend the abandonment of present profit, out of respect to any principle, will ever be considered as little just to the interests of their country; and these, in vulgar estimation, are always its rights. Such will not fail to be made the objects of the clamour of the cunning, and if possible the victims of ambitious zeal.

But on this account the duty of every citizen of a free republick is not the less imperious, to utter any result of his reflections on the important interests of his country, with all the independence which his conscience commands, and which the laws authorize. To such questions he will bring indeed all the depth of investigation and perspicacity of perception, which his talents and opportunities permit. This duty performed, neither moral necessity nor political expediency can require that he should conceal or deny any result to which his researches may lead. Should he differ with those in power in his own, or agree with those who rule another nation, his obligation to truth, according to his perception of it, is imperious. How can this be elicited, if a predetermined result be required? or how can the people be benefited by investigation, if agreement with the opinions of an existing administration or a dominant party be claimed, under the penalty of being made odious? Those, who call this a British, that an American principle, whatever they may intend, in effect shackle the freedom of debate, by creating a prejudice, as if he who denied the latter was hostile to his country, or he who affirmed the former had leagued with its enemies.

The only inquiries concerning every principle ought to be its nature and consequences. On which side of the Atlantick it originated, or is maintained, ought to have no weight in the discussion. It is the interest of the people, in truth it is their privilege, that both sides should be discussed with talent and fidelity, to the end that their complicated interests may be placed before them in every variety of view, and that no error may occur in that final judgment, to which they may be called. In this way the best chance is offered, ultimately, for a correct decision. If such privilege be denied, or if intelligent men by artful clamour be prevented from exercising it, though nominally free, we are in fact subjects of a despotism; the worse, because it is of the mind; worst of all, because it is exercised under the pretence and in the name of liberty.

(To be continued.)

ARTICLE 2.

A treatise on the Statute of Frauds, as it regards declarations in trust, contracts, surrenders, conveyances, and the execution and proof of Wills and Codicils. To which is prefixed a systematick dissertation upon the admissibility of parol and extrinsick evidence to explain and control written instruments. By William Roberts, of Lincoln's Inn, author of a treatise on Fraudulent Conveyances. New-York, printed by J. Riley & Co. and for sale by Brisban and Brannan, City Hotel, 1807. 8vo. pp. 540

THE Statute against Frauds and Perjuries, enacted in the twenty-ninth year of the reign of king Charles the second, has been productive of infinite litigation, and an endless train of decisions, seemingly contradictory, or, at most, depending on distinctions extremely subtle and refined. It seems at present, that, had this statute received a literal construction from its first existence to the present day, these difficulties would have been avoided. But, soon after it came into operation, a great question arose, whether it should be construed strictly or liberally, and Lord Mansfield always appeared solicitous, that it should receive a liberal construction in all its provisions. His Lordship had a contempt for this statute, from the consideration that it had been inartificially framed. In the case of *Wyndham v. Chetwynd*, he observed this statute was not, as had been generally supposed, drawn by Lord Hale, any further than by leaving some loose notes, which were afterwards unskillfully digested. We can hardly conceive, that his Lordship would draw rules for construction from a source like this, since a statute is either the act of the legislature, or it is nothing; and, as the act of the legislature, no rules of construction can be drawn from a recurrent consideration of the talents of the individual, employed to prepare materials for the formation of a statute. Different Judges may have different opinions of the talents of an individual employed for this purpose, and the evident absurdity, which would ensue from such a rule of construction, almost convinces us, that his Lordship had some other object in the observation, although what it was we are utterly unable to conceive.

Throughout Lord Mansfield's judicial career, the Statute of Frauds was generally construed with the greatest liberality, and frequently bent to the peculiar circumstances of a case.

The client embarked amidst the glorious uncertainty of the law, encouraged by his counsel, and buoyed up by the hope of some happy distinction, which might give a favourable issue to his cause.

This statute is at present in greater favour. Lord Camden has expressly dissented from Lord Mansfield. Lord Kenyon has said it was of the greatest importance to preserve unimpaired the several provisions of the Statute of Frauds, which was one of the wisest laws in the statute book. In fact, it has been the opinion of almost all eminent Judges, since Lord Mansfield's time, that a literal interpretation should be given to the provisions of this statute. As his Lordship's opinion on this subject has gone out of fashion, so some of his decisions have been overruled.

On this statute, under these circumstances, Mr. Roberts has composed the present treatise, which, he declares in his dedication, aspires to something above the rank of a mere compilation of cases. He has certainly, with much labour, collected that mass of cases which have been accumulated, since this statute was enacted; and he has arranged them with such skill and judgment, that the law, which, from the multitude of decisions on each point, was not discovered without much labour and research, is, by this arrangement, rendered unquestionably clear and familiar. The labour of the student is diminished, and, instead of pursuing his inquiry through a labyrinth of cases, many of which have become obsolete by subsequent decisions, he is conducted immediately to the object of his research.

In this volume, Mr. Roberts has considered those branches of the statute, which seem more nearly connected by their subject matter, and has neglected the order, in which the several sections are arranged in the statute book, reserving the remaining branches for a future treatise, which he has already promised to the publick. The first chapter, in this volume, contains the observations on the admissibility of parol and extrinsick evidence to explain written instruments. We are sorry, that, in this dissertation, much praise is not due to Mr. Roberts. We are not of the opinion of its author, that it is altogether systematick. This is an intricate question, how far parol and extrinsick evidence shall explain and control a written instrument. The distinction between latent and patent ambiguities is extremely refined, and the decisions, which are not

few on this head, require a cool and orderly arrangement. Mr. Roberts has, in this chapter, affected a style, turgid, pompous, and absurd. In his definitions of latent and patent ambiguities, where his endeavour should have been to appear as simple and perspicuous as possible, he has so wrapped up his meaning in high-flown words and extravagant expressions, that, instead of explaining ambiguities, he has rendered them more ambiguous than ever. *Three important leading cases, particularly noticed by all late writers on this subject, with the exception of one, which he has slightly mentioned, Mr. Roberts has altogether neglected. Notwithstanding these remarks, if the reader will bear with his infirmities, he may read this dissertation with no inconsiderable advantage.

The second chapter regards sections 7, 8, 9, of the statute, respecting declarations of trusts. This chapter is short and satisfactory; it contains all the law on this subject, well digested and arranged: and we take the earliest opportunity to compliment Mr. Roberts on the material alteration in his style, which is visible in this, and, with few exceptions, in the following chapters.

The most important part of this work is the third chapter, including sections 4, 17, on contracts. Here the greatest credit belongs to Mr. Roberts for his indefatigable industry and pertinent observations. This title of contracts, so far as connected with, and controlled by the Statute of Frauds, has become one of the most intricate subjects in the law. Chapter fourth contains the decisions on sections 1, 2, 3, relating to parol demises, surrenders, and conveyances of lands, together with many useful and pertinent remarks from Mr. Roberts. The fifth and last division of this work includes sections 5, 6, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, affecting the execution and revocation of wills. This chapter, which is very full and explicit on these subjects, does honour to the author, and will be of much practical utility to the profession. Much however, on these heads, has already come before the publick in the late publications by Mr. Roper.

We now turn, with great reluctance, to the *manner and form*, in which Mr. Roberts has conveyed this truly useful dissertation to the publick. In the third and fifth chapters, on contracts and wills, which are by far the most useful parts of this publication, his language, with some few exceptions, is

* Rex v. Inhab. of Laindon. 8. T. R. 379. Rex v. Inhab. of Scammonden. 3. T. R. 474. Doe ex. dem. Freeland v. Burt. 1. T. R. 701.

sufficiently modest and correct. But in the first chapter, on the admissibility of parol evidence, which is more in the shape of a dissertation, than those parts of the work, where his chief concern is to compile and collate decisions, his style is too ridiculous to pass unnoticed. In this chapter, there is an opportunity for Mr. Roberts to manage matters in his own way, and he does so with such wonderful effect, that we are at a loss, whether to believe him in earnest or in jest. Indeed, when he delivers the sentiments and opinions of others, he seems to think himself restricted, and we have no fault to find with him; but, when he comes to *talk on his own proper risque and account*, his words are ill adapted to his subject, sometimes utterly misapplied, and very frequently have not a legal existence in the English vocabulary. Personality for personalty, equivocality, delitescence, contradictoriness, integrality, and numberless others, made for the purposes of this special occasion, are easily found in any part of this work.

As to the punctuation, it is erroneous from beginning to end, and the periods, colons, semicolons, and commas seem to be sprinkled over these sheets, as promiscuously as comfits over a wedding cake. But as, according to the maxim of the law, every man is presumed to be innocent, until he is proved to be guilty, we shall select some passages, as usual.

"An ambiguity is properly latent in the sense of the law, when the equivocality of expression, or obscurity of intention, does not arise from the words themselves, but from the ambiguous or delitescence state of extrinsic circumstances to which the words of the instrument refer, and which is susceptible of explanation by the mere development of extraneous facts," &c.

We would do Mr. Roberts the justice to remark, that he has the following note on this paragraph.

"If I have not the good fortune to be intelligible, I refer the reader to Lord Bacon's maxims, 99, and Sir Thomas Raymond's Reports, 411." Page 14.

"The truth will be found upon consideration to be, that the state of facts raises the latent ambiguity, and may also dissolve it; but the patent ambiguity resides in the amphibology of language, the vagueness of description, and vacuity of expression." Page 20.

Enough is as good as a feast, and we shall quote no more.

In fine, notwithstanding these defects in style and language, this work is one of the most valuable acquisitions to the Bibliotheca Legum, which has appeared for many years. The Sta-

tute of Frauds sweeps over a large circle of practical law. It has been in operation one hundred and twenty years, and the Reports are filled with decisions on all its branches. These decisions have intermingled; the distinctions, on which they are predicated, are not easily perceived; and the cases themselves are not to be found, without infinite labour and research. Mr. Roberts has collected the cases, arranged them in their proper order, and interspersed them with very useful observations.

We look forward with much pleasure to the treatise on the remaining branches of the statute, hoping that, by the time it shall appear, Mr. Roberts will have stripped himself of "all amphibology of language, vagueness of description, and vacuity of expression."

This volume is neatly and, with few exceptions, correctly printed.

ARTICLE 3.

The Yankey in London, being the first part of a series of letters written by an American youth during nine months residence in the city of London; addressed to his friends in and near Boston, Massachusetts, vol. 1. pp. 180. 12mo. New York, Isaac Riley.

THE title page of this work is further illustrated by a motto from Thucydides, which, to save the printers some trouble, we have not copied. Its congruity, in a book of this kind, seems a little analogous to that of a sailor in a check shirt, with a powdered head, or a splendid sign on a "ten feet building." The book is divided into the form of letters, of which the last is numbered 45, and between this number and the first of the series five or six are selected at random, as a specimen of the whole, which are to be published if this volume meet with encouragement. We know not how far the author or publisher are satisfied in this respect, but in our opinion it is a very useless addition to the almost innumerable books of travels, which croud the shelves of libraries.

In every thing that can be comprised under the broadest meaning of *Statisticks*, the English abound with books written with superiour advantages by themselves. All that a stranger can undertake with any profit, and the field is ample enough, is to make observations on national character; and in relation to this country and that, to notice those nice shades of difference, which exist in spite of similarity of language and origin. To

do this with success, requires strong advantages of observation and accurate powers of discrimination, and if this author possessed the latter, we see by his own account, and as he says, by his own choice, he deprived himself of the former.

“ I have not yet delivered Judge C’s. letter to him: it is under a flying seal, and merely commendatory. A man of letters, whose notice I am solicitous to retain, mentioned my name to him yesterday, and was surprised to find he did not know me; and, as this gentleman lives within the purlieus of court and etiquette, I shall suffer in his opinion if, as an American, I am not known to our minister. I must therefore deliver my letter, although, I assure you, with reluctance.—Of forty three letters of introduction, I have as yet delivered but three, and two of them related to pecuniary arrangements.—I crossed the Atlantick to obtain health, and, now I am in London, I wish to form a correct opinion of this people. If I had delivered my letters and been introduced to people of rank, my observations would have been confined to them; for there is a wonderful and striking similarity in people of the same condition. By the aid of letters I might probably have gone the rounds of diplomatick dinners, or, possibly, been in company with ladies and lords, but it was not ladies and lords I wished to see. A man would form a very erroneous opinion of English diet, should he feast entirely on ortolans; no—he should eat the roast-beef, the mutton from the Downs, and the rump-steak. I wished to see *Englishmen*, and to form some correct estimate of their manners, habits, and character, and this can be better attained by mingling, unnoticed in the crowd, &c. &c.”

Now a man who shall go to London and see it in this manner, will come home with as accurate notions of the English character, manner, and state of society, as he would gain from those admirable specimens we have of it, in the commercial and manufacturing agents that are sent to this country. It is a most miserable common place of awkward, mortified vanity, to talk about *the company of lords and ladies*, and to decline seeing it. To get into the first society is difficult in all countries, but notoriously so in England, because it requires a great share of resolution and of self-esteem, even with every advantage, not to be repulsed by the slow and difficult attainment of intimacy. We once heard a man of wit remark, speaking of Paris, that *society in Paris was a magick circle; you frequently thought*

you were in it, and yet constantly found yourself on the outside. Now this is equally true of England. A man may sometimes, by means of a letter, be admitted into company with people of rank and consequence, and there it ends ; just as every family have a few persons whom they must invite to their own parties, but who get no further. To be fairly incorporated in the first society in any country, that is to be not only the guest of a single person, but the acquaintance of his guests, is a very difficult thing ; and it would be wretched affectation, not to acknowledge that it is very desirable.

As a specimen of the work we extract the following description of the House of Commons, which is indeed caricatured, but not very extravagantly.

“ LETTER V.

“ *The British House of Commons.*

“ LONDON.

“ *My excellent Friend,*

“ THROUGH the politeness of a friend, I was yesterday admitted to the gallery of the British house of commons. Never were a man's expectations higher raised. To see the grave fathers of the senate, the collected wisdom of a nation known by its commercial enterprise, its colonies and its victories, throughout the habitable globe, was, indeed, a spectacle so august that I anticipated it with pleasure tempered by reverence : not that I expected to see the curule chairs, the fasces and lictors of the Roman forum, or to discover, in British countenances, that inflexible composure of features which dignified the conscript father slain in his ivory chair by the barbarian Gaul ; but I had reason to expect to see a solemn assembly of wise, dignified men, in sober consultation upon the important concerns of the greatest commercial nation in the world. In an assembly of hereditary legislators, like the house of lords, there might be dignity, but a general display of great talents, as it is fortuitous, could not be expected. In the house of commons, elected from the great body of the people, I justly expected to find the talents, the learning, the wisdom and political science of a wise nation collected in one brilliant focus ; to hear the persuasion of Cicero, the subtlety of Eschines, the thunder of Demosthenes, with all I had read, and more than I could conceive, of ancient eloquence, poured from British lips in language nobler than that of Greece or Rome.

It seems, in going at too early an hour, I had committed the common blunder of the plebeian who is invited to dine with my lord. I had taken my seat in the gallery full three hours before the feast of reason was served up: there were only a few official attendants of the house present. After a while, several gentlemen came in, booted and spurred as if from a fox-chase: they formed little parties of chit-chat. As I understood several of them were members of parliament, I was not a little anxious to hear them converse, hoping to stay my appetite with some eleemosynary scraps of wisdom, as we, in Boston, take a relish of punch and oysters, at noon, to prepare the appetite when invited to a fashionable dinner. I was soon gratified; two of them came within hearing, and seemed earnestly engaged in discourse. Aye, thought I, now you are untwisting some knotty fiscal point, or quoting Puffendorf, Grotius, and Vattel on the laws of nations, or citing passages from the laws of Oleron, to correct the defects of your maritime code. Suddenly, one of them vociferated—"done for five hundred guineas; Creeper against Sweeper, feather weight." Now, as Creeper and Sweeper were two authors upon political economy of whom I had never heard, I was somewhat chagrined. To be sure, to hear the great statesmen of this great nation converse in my native tongue and be unable to comprehend them, was rather mortifying. I was so simple that, at first, I thought the learned Creeper might have written a commentary on Smith's wealth of nations, and that the erudite Sweeper had illustrated Dr. Price's essay on finance, by the negative quantities of algebra. *Feather weight*, I naturally concluded, alluded to the balance of power in Europe.—One of the senators roared out, "My lord! my lord!" and, upon a nobleman's approach, said, familiarly, "ha, Clermont! I have betted five hundred guineas on your gelding, Creeper, against Featherstone's Sweeper, provided my groom, Jim Twamley, rides." "I beg your pardon, Sir John," replied his lordship; "no man straddles my favourite horse, upon the turf, but myself;—but I will back you for five hundred more, and ride myself. Why, you know knight, that I beat Sky-Scraper, at the heats for the king's plate, and took the long odds, though Twamley rode Sky-Scraper, and I carried weight." Not as a politician, I hope—I aspirated. It was now apparent these members of parliament were also members of that sublime political seminary the jockey club. I had, however,

candour enough to consider that all great publick bodies must exhibit some weak and indecorous members ; and, as the house began to fill, I observed many gentlemen whose appearance would have done honour to the areopagus of Athens.—The speaker, a dignified man, arrayed in an imposing costume, took the chair. The house was immediately called to order, and business commenced ; but it was not very interesting, being merely the passage of certain bills, through the routine of the house. The seats were soon filled, and the minister arose to open what is called the *budget*. This *beggarly* term, which impresses a stranger with the tags, rags, and jags of a beggar's pack, is, however, not unaptly chosen ; for, in this region of taxes, there are few objects so mean as not to be included in this *financiering budget*. The minister, in a plain style, and monotonous voice, remarked on the various expenditures of the past, and the taxes necessary to be levied to meet the present, exigences. He acknowledged that the war with France was commenced on very different principles from which it was now to be maintained. He endeavoured to elucidate those principles ; but I was so dull I could not comprehend him, which I sincerely regret, as it has long been an object of curiosity, with me, to discover why Great Britain involved herself in this ruinous war ; but he was very clear that, however the war began, it was now to be maintained on a principle of self-defence ; and he seemed to console himself in the reflection, that, as the nation now contended for her very existence, the people could not require any more substantial reason for the augmentation of taxes. He was heard with patience, but no sooner seated than half a dozen members arose in opposition, and there was some time lost in deciding who should speak ; and I thought rather too much disorder in producing order. The second orator spoke with much more animation, but was heard with much less patience. He had prepared a very bitter philippick against the ministry, which, to me, scented very strongly of the midnight oil. He represented the nation as on the verge of ruin ; miserable at home, and a laughing-stock abroad : he displayed a novel style of rhetorick : he was generally, although he spoke in a higher key, as monotonous as the minister : he accented and emphasised whole sentences instead of syllables or words : he had copiously enriched his speech with quotations from the English classicks, and, when he came to those passages, he would prepare him-

self by a pause, cast his eyes towards the treasury-bench, (a seat occupied by such of the administration as are members of this house,) and pronounce the quotation in an octave above his common tone, and sometimes repeating it with "sir, I say," "sir, I am bold to say," "sir, I do not hesitate in saying." After about two hours exertion, he seemed suddenly to arouse all his energies, and, casting his eyes indignantly towards the treasury-bench, vociferated "Mr. Speaker, I am bold to say 'there is something rotten in the state of Denmark,' and I now crave the attention of honourable members while I point out this defective plank in the vessel of the commonwealth, and drag from their lurking-holes those pestiferous worms who are gnawing the foundations of the constitution;"—but ere he could extract one of this "corporation of politick worms," he was interrupted by a burst of clamour—order! order! order! hear him! hear him! hear him! was the cry. Amidst this hubbub I thought I could distinguish sounds very like coughing and shuffling the feet, but there is something so wretchedly vulgar in such conduct I had rather discredit my own ears than impute it to such a venerable body; indeed there was something so indecorous, and at the same time so ludicrous, in the whole scene, I hesitated whether to laugh or weep. The cry of order! order! was vociferated in accents so similar to the play-house off! off! to a hissed actor, my first impression was that, by the wand of Harlequin, the commons had been changed to Covent-garden theatre, and I seated in the shilling-gallery, and I could scarcely forbear exclaiming, to this legislative orchestra, caira, caira! roast-beef, roast-beef! God save the king!—After a while something like silence (which, however, would be called an uproar in any decent assembly) was produced. The orator attempted to speak again, but part of his speech being struck out, by a decision of order from the chair, so deranged the whole that, after some abortive attempts to splice the rope of his rhetorick, he sat down, apparently exulting in the confusion he had made.

"A slender, dapper member now arose, (the very reverse of the hoary ancient who quieted the tumult in the *Æneid*,) and suddenly restored good-humour. The sole object of this pert, voluble legislator, seemed to be to say smart things; in which, with some help from those standing English wits, Joe Miller, Quin, and Ben Jonson, and some quotations from "Laugh and

be fat," he was, indeed, very successful. He compared the requisitions of a *certain* popular leader, to obtain a view of certain secret negotiations, and the reply of the cabinet minister, to a story which he said he had read in a *learned* author. "A certain man having something concealed carefully under a cloak, was required to tell what it was, by an inquisitive fellow. 'Sir,' said he 'can you keep a secret?' 'Yes,' replied the inquirer. 'So can I,' retorted the humourist."—This threadbare story, which may be found in the earliest edition of the oldest jest-book in England, actually convulsed the house with laughter! Yes, Frank, the members of the august British house of commons—the conscript fathers of Great-Britain, actually grinned with joy, and shook their sides with laughter like a knot of "younkers on the green!"—Only think, Frank—a merry house of commons, funny wisdom, jocular profundity of thought!—Why, a laughing legislature is to me as incongruous as a skipping, tripping bishop, a comical clergyman, or a buxom, romping penitent. I was ashamed, mortified, disgusted. I felt the dignity of my nature violated. I felt more—I remembered I was of English descent, and I blushed for the land of my ancestors. You know, Frank, that, notwithstanding the irritation of our revolutionary contest, there is an undescribable something clinging to the heart of every Anglo-American which sensibly associates us with the glory of old England. In the days of our fathers, this clime was universally known, through the colonies, under the endearing appellation of the mother country; and when my honoured father went to Bristol, to establish a commercial connection with the house of Tappenden and Hanby, it was said, in the family, he was going *home*. Ah! if British statesmen could feel all our fathers felt, and we are disposed to feel, in uttering this domestick, affectionate, sacred word, they might attach the profits of our commerce in a measure not to be attained by all the despotick intricacies of their maritime code. I felt the full force of the word—I was in my father's house—I was at *home*: but when amidst the fathers of the nation, convened in solemn assembly to deliberate on mighty subjects, which involved not only their own existence, as a state, but the welfare and peace of the world, I beheld them listening to the bald jokes of a mountebank, and grinning like clowns at his ribaldry—by the bones of my English ancestors, I could have gone backwards, like the children of Noah, and cast a

garment over my parents' nakedness.—I have visited the house several times since, but found it changed

“From gay to grave, from lively to severe.”—

The house was very thin, scarcely a business quorum, although I thought the subjects in debate very momentous. When the question, however, was about to be taken, absent members seemed to have notice—came thronging in, and voted as if they had been prepared by deliberate investigation. Now, there is more propriety in this than your Yankey imagination would at first conceive. As these evanescent members are all pledged to their party, and have actually had their minds made up for them, you must be sensible it would be of no use for any one of them to hear arguments in favour of his own decided prepossession, and arguments on the other side might tend to raise doubts of the rectitude and wisdom of his leaders, and to entertain such doubts would be an unpardonable weakness in a true-bred politician. They have, I am told, a practice for members on opposite sides to pair off, to save themselves from the tedium of a debate. Now, this is equally rational; for if a pair of intellectual balances could be provided, the talents of these pairs would so nicely equiponderate that the wisdom of either party in the house would be diminished in accurate proportion. Indeed, it is to be lamented that this mode of pairing off, which is at present confined to the mute, could not be extended to the speaking members; for although the fewer the members the less disquiet may be expected in a noisy and quarrelsome family, yet, if the promoters of discord, the brutal husband and scolding wife, would sometimes *pair off*, it might wonderfully conduce to the quiet of the mansion.

“But, to be serious; amidst all the bustle and puerility of the British house of commons, I have heard some gentlemen, who, if you, who have been modelled from the ancient schools, would not acknowledge to be orators, yet you would allow them to be sensible men, speaking pertinently upon subjects which they seemed intimately to comprehend, and in language which might pass from their lips to the press, and, without correction, be read and admired as specimens of fine, if not energetick speaking.”

There is a degree of smartness and some humour in this writer, that would induce us to think he might do better. The fault of his work is, that it gives nothing new, nothing but what

a man, with some knowledge of English history, and the habit of reading English newspapers and magazines, might write in this country. The account of the English bookseller and the remarks on the House of Lords are really too stale even for a magazine.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

ARTICLE 18.

דקדוק לשון עברית

Dickdook Leshon Gnebreet. A grammar of the Hebrew language, being an essay to bring the Hebrew grammar into English, to facilitate the instruction of all those who are desirous of acquiring a clear idea of this primitive tongue by their own studies, in order to their more distinct acquaintance with the sacred oracles of the old testament according to the original, and published more especially for the use of the students of Harvard College, at Cambridge, in New-England. Composed and accurately corrected by Judah Monis, M. A. Boston, (N. E.) printed by Jonas Green, and are to be sold by the author at his house in Cambridge, 1735.

A HEBREW grammar published in this country at so early a date, we could hardly have expected. When we consider the infant state of the settlement and the difficulties of the undertaking, we must look upon the exertions made on this occasion as an honourable instance of zeal for the promotion of learning. The publication of the work, as appears from the preface, was a long time delayed by want of types, for which it became necessary to send to Europe. Another difficulty must have been experienced in procuring a printer capable of executing such a work.

In a note to the review of *Pietas et Gratulatio*, the author of this work is stated to have been a native of Algiers. Though this was probably the place of his birth, we have reason to think that he was brought up in Italy, for it is certain that his pronunciation agrees with the Italian rather than with the Algerine. When we speak of his pronunciation, we mean, as it may be gathered from his grammar. For instance, if we do not mistake his orthography, he pronounced *Cames* and *Patach*

as we do our *a* in *all*, a sound unknown to the Algerines, though very common in Tuscany. Again, he never pronounced *h*; and represented the raphated Tau by *T*, perfectly according with the Italian custom. But the Algerines pronounce *h* as we do our *H*, and raphated Tau, as we do *th* in *thing*. Add to this, the common tradition is that he was an Italian, and he is so called in Whitney's history of the county of Worcester. In his Hebrew MSS. which are still preserved in the College Museum, he calls himself Hasfardi, that is of the Spanish tribe, one of the two grand divisions of the European Jews.

Before coming to this country we know nothing of him, but after his arrival at Boston he seems to have been soon invited to fill the office of Hebrew instructor in the University, where he was settled on the 27th of March, 1722. Before he could be admitted into the University, it was rendered necessary by the statutes that he should change his religion, which he professes to have done with perfect disinterestedness, though he continued to the time of his death to observe the seventh day as the sabbath. From the address delivered upon that occasion in the dining hall by the Rev. Mr. Colman of Boston, it may be suspected that doubts were entertained of the sincerity of his declaration. The expressions, "Is your heart right with God?" "We can't be content with good professions, &c." shew no very strong confidence in his integrity. However it is certain he always retained an unblemished character, and was well contented with his situation. He married in Cambridge, and when death deprived him at a very advanced age of the society of his wife, he resigned his office and retired to Northborough, where he resided with the relations of his wife. He died at the age of 81 years, 40 of which he had spent in his office.

We learn from his works and the report of his contemporaries, that he was well read in the Hebrew and spoke it with fluency. This was here a very rare acquirement, and rendered his services highly desirable. The estimation in which he was held may be gathered from the preface of Mr. Colman. He was also esteemed by the venerable Increase Mather, who was still alive, though unable to attend his inauguration.

His works are, three discourses "delivered at his baptism," one entitled "the truth," another "the whole truth," and the third "nothing but the truth;" the grammar under review, and some unpublished works of little value, in Rabbinical He-

brew. In the first of these works, he shews his fondness for the Cabbala, from which he draws his principal arguments.

The conclusion of the preface to his grammar is a curious specimen of his style.

“ Since, through the good hand of God upon me, he has not only taken Moses’s vail from me, but even has placed me in his service, *i. e.* to teach and promote the knowledge of the Hebrew tongue, at Harvard College, in New-England, especially for the advantage of those that will dedicate themselves to the service of the sanctuary; and considering, that through the great and manifold faults and errors (at least, of the press) that are found in all the Hebrew grammars extant, besides the shortness of them, my expected work could not be attained without farther reformation. But for want of Hebrew types in these remote parts of the world, it could not be accomplished till now. The whole of this essay (such as it is) I offer to your candid acceptance, hoping you will overlook the defects in the English phrase, and any other lesser errors; and if you reap any benefit by it, give the glory to God, and pray for the prosperity of Harvard College, and by so doing you’ll oblige,

Yours, &c.

JUDAH MONIS.”

His authorities are given in the end of the preface, thus “ R. D. K. R. Akivolty and R. Templo,” of whom it may not be amiss to give a brief account. The Miclol of David Kimchi, a celebrated Jew of Provence, was written at the beginning of the thirteenth century, and is a very full and perfect grammar on Masoretick principles. Solomon Templo, a Portuguese Rabbin was contemporary with Monis, and wrote his grammar in the Portuguese language, Rabbi Samuel Archevolti was a very respectable scholar. He died at an advanced age in 1611. His work which was of much assistance to Monis, is a well written grammar entitled, הרגל הנשם Harugad habboshem. A work compiled from such authorities cannot but be useful.

A principal object with Monis appears to have been to introduce the Tuscan pronunciation. To this end he has taken some pains to represent the sounds according to the English orthography, and although it might have been performed in a neater manner, with a proper attention he will be always understood. He seems to prefer our most anomalous combinations, provided they contain a multitude of letters, and hence he uses

many silent letters, a great imperfection in his scheme. The English orthography of foreign words is often uncertain, and very improper to represent their sounds. The only feasible method yet attempted is to fix certain unchangeable powers to each representative. Monis writes *Zauine*, *Vaugh*, *Caugh*, *Taugh*, which are more properly represented in the usual manner, even when intended to be pronounced by Englishmen, thus, *Zain*, *Vau*, *Caf*, *Tau*. He is very fond of double consonants and spells לִמֵּד *Laummedd*, and וֹדִיעִנִּי *Vau-o-dee-gna-noo*, more commonly, and we think correctly represented by *Lamed* and *Va hodienu*.

He is very full upon the letters, which, as is commonly the case among the Masorites, occupy a great part of his book, and every word used as an example has its reference in the margin. In explaining the serviles he is uncommonly particular and descends into all their minutiae, accompanying them with their appropriate rabbinical names. This scrupulous exactness, while it evinces his knowledge of the subject, serves also to shew the labour necessary to acquire a tolerable knowledge of the points. He has a paradigm for every little difference of pointing, which renders this very useful as a book of reference to those who make use of the points. The first table contains twenty-six verbs, all different from each other. These are varied through the participles and infinitive. Every conjugation is treated of very minutely before the paradigm is given. His method of comparing the changeable with the perfect verbs is much superiour to any commonly used at that time.

Another circumstance which we think of some consequence, is this. It has been customary to take the irregularity for the rule, Monis on the contrary prefers the uncontracted form; thus he prefers סִכַּךְ to סִךְ, mentioning the last in his observations upon the changeable or contracted forms.

He has one fault in common with most of the grammarians of that day, a neglect of the idiom and construction of the language, which is now justly considered the most important part of grammar. However upon the whole we do not hesitate to say, that his work is the best of the kind that we have seen ever published in this country, and by its fulness serves extremely well as a book of reference.

INTELLIGENCE.

From the New York Herald.

Address, of Samuel Bard, M. D. delivered before the Dutchess Medical Society, on the 14th day of November, 1809.

GENTLEMEN,

IN complying with your request of last spring, I believe I cannot do better than recall your attention to the subject on which we were then employed; the importance of the medical character, and the culture necessary to form an accomplished physician. Our governments, and I hope our people in general begin to be sensible, that knowledge and virtue, as they are the foundations of every thing that is excellent in human nature, ought likewise to be the foundation of a medical education, and that the man to whom they commit the care of their own lives, as well as the lives of their wives and children, and dearest connexions should possess at least as many advantages of education, as the lawyer to whom they commit the care of their estates, or the mechanick whom they employ to mend their watches. On this subject all are agreed in speculation, yet so little attention is paid to it in practice, that one would imagine most people think a physician is formed by inspiration, and that (according to the dangerous and absurd tenet of those who assert, that the greatest sinner will make the greatest saint) they believe the most ignorant and uninformed man will make the best Doctor. But alas! it is too true, that in general we are neither wise nor good by nature, and that "to train up a" man "in the way he should go" is at least as necessary in medicine, as it is in religion or morals.

This being confessed let us inquire, what is the proper education of a physician and surgeon: in attempting which, however, I shall confine myself to a few general observations, and leave the detail of particulars to the professors of our colleges.

From the intricate and delicate structure of the human frame, from the variety of accidents to which it is exposed, from the sudden attack of many diseases, from the variety of their symptoms, and the complicated nature of their causes, as well as the different effects of the same cause upon different constitutions, a physician is often called on to exercise the most acute judgement upon the shortest notice; suddenly to

form conclusions of the greatest moment, in cases where life with all its blessings, or its greatest miseries may hang upon the decision of a moment. Good sense, an improved understanding, and a happy talent of quick and accurate discrimination, are, therefore, the first requisites in the character of a physician; and of consequence the boy who is intended for this profession, should be early subjected to all the discipline of a regular education; as soon as he can read and write his own language he should be sent to a good grammar school, and thence he should pass through all the classes of college, where by the time he is eighteen or twenty years of age, he may not only acquire the rudiments, but with tolerable application make considerable progress in classical, mathematical, and philosophical learning. Experience has proved this, if not the best, the most certain mode, and the only one which is in the power of most people to improve the understanding, to enlarge the powers of the mind, and to acquire steady habits of application and industry; by which such talents as a man possesses from nature will be carried to the greatest degree of perfection, and without which it is in vain to hope for excellence in any profession. To an improved understanding, and to habits of application and diligence, the young man who aspires to the character of an accomplished physician, must add strict morals, abstemious temperance, and a humane and benevolent temper; to all which no profession makes more frequent appeals than that of medicine.

With such acquirements he is qualified to enter upon the particular study of his profession; which is undoubtedly best begun by the study of anatomy, chemistry, botany, and other preliminary branches, at a publick school; where only they can be taught. The knowledge of diseases and their cures, is best acquired at a publick hospital, under the guidance of the physicians and surgeons appointed not only to relieve the distresses of the poor, but to make their private misfortunes a publick benefit, by pointing out to the pupils, the characteristic symptoms of their diseases, their causes, consequences, and, methods of cure. There is no doubt but that this is the best mode of studying physick and surgery; but it will be some time, probably many years, before the greater number of our medical students will pursue this course; and there will always be many who from pecuniary considerations will wish to avoid the necessary expense attending it, and who will aim at a professional charac-

ter, by the shorter and less expensive mode of private tuition, under a practising physician. To such it should be recommended to attend upon the publick schools for at least one course of lectures, and upon the hospital for one year, by which they will acquire some idea of the extent of their profession, and at least learn their own deficiencies. Indeed it is to be wished that ere long our government may render such attendance at least for one year, necessary to the obtaining a license to practice any branch of medicine; and at the same time amend our present law, so as to prevent any person coming from the neighbouring states, and entering on the practice of medicine among us, with less acquirements and under testimonials less to be depended on, than those we expect from our own pupils.

From this slight sketch, we discover the wisdom of our legislature in the patronage they have lately afforded to medical education; and the incalculable advantages which the publick derives from the unexampled liberality of the professors of both our medical schools, in granting to the county societies, the great privilege to send one pupil to each school every year, to receive the benefit of their instruction, free of expense; a regulation founded in the wisest policy, the truest patriotism, and the best judged beneficence; but evidently arising from the emulation and rivalry, which have been excited between the two schools: from which we have already begun to experience the most happy effects, and by which the general character of our medical men will very soon be greatly improved. But these singular advantages in a great measure depend upon the liberal and impartial view which the legislature may take of this subject, and must be materially lessened if not wholly lost, if through a blind partiality to one school, or an inexcusable neglect of the other, this generous competition is suffered to subside.

Convinced as I am of the great and general importance of correct medical instruction, and anxious that our schools should be fostered by necessary patronage, I cannot but regret the failure of the proposal made last year in our legislature, for the purchase of doctor Hosack's botanick garden. It would be too tedious at present to point out how much medicine may be benefited; how greatly the arts may be enriched, and how many of the comforts, the pleasures, and even the necessities of life may be improved by such an institution. As an appen-

dage to a medical school it has become indispensable ; and if we suffer this garden of Doctor Hosack's to sink, as sink it must if left in the hands of an individual ; we give a decided advantage to every medical school in the United States, as well as in almost every other country over our own. In point of expense it makes very little difference to a young man who must go from home for his education, whether he goes to Boston, Philadelphia or New-York. He will always go, where for the least expense he can obtain the greatest advantages. It becomes therefore decidedly the interest of the State to render our own seminaries as perfect as possible. I hope therefore that this institution, as well as both our medical schools may continue to receive a decided patronage from our government ; and that there never will be wanting in our legislature enlightened individuals, who will reiterate their application on the subject until they shall convince the less informed. Much gentlemen will be in your power ; a physician is or ought to be the friend of his patients ; and if you would exert that influence which so intimate a connection affords you ; in a government like ours, you cannot fail of success in every laudable measure. I venture likewise to recommend it to you in your corporate capacity, and that you will instruct your delegate to use his influence with the members of the State Society and the University to accomplish it.

One of the strongest arguments in favour of our medical schools, and one which must recommend them irresistibly to the patronage of an enlightened legislature, is, that they afford the only means of training young men for the publick service in case of war. Every dictate of humanity, and every principle of policy, demand, that due attention shall be paid in time of peace, to educating medical men for the army and navy ; that in case of war those unhappy scenes, and that aggravated misery, may not be renewed, which we have once experienced ; when our sick and wounded soldiers and seamen were in a great measure left to their fate, or what was perhaps worse, put into the hands of ignorant and unexperienced men. It is a painful recollection, but too true, that at the commencement of our revolutionary war, medical and surgical talents were among the greatest wants of our armies, and one from which they suffered more than from the muskets and bayonets of their enemies. Although therefore we may have reason to hope that the miseries of war may for a long time be kept from our hap-

py shores ; yet the wisdom of being always prepared for it is acknowledged by all. But the only way to be prepared for a supply of good field surgeons and a well appointed hospital, is to encourage and always keep up, a well regulated system of medical education in the country.

Before I conclude, I beg you will permit me to point out the great and decided interest which the more distant and thinly inhabited counties of the State, have in applying their weight and influence to obtain from the legislature the equal patronage solicited for our medical schools. The situation of these counties as it respects population and wealth, will for a long time, in a great measure, preclude the settlement of Physicians and Surgeons of education and talents among them ; unless they can educate young men of merit from among themselves to those professions. Strangers will naturally seek a settlement where with less fatigue, they can hope for greater emoluments ; but local attachments, family affection and interest all conspire to prompt the sons to settle in the neighbourhood of their parents. It becomes therefore to these counties a matter of the greatest moment to facilitate the means by which at the least expense, they can obtain from their medical students the best opportunities of instruction. It is a fact that in many parts of the new counties, respectable medical aid is not to be procured within 20, 30, or 40 miles, and it is equally true that this want of medical assistance is one great obstacle to the settlement of men of fortune with their families in those counties. The distressing sight of a child languishing on the bed of sickness—of a beloved wife in an hour of extreme distress, or of a husband writhing under the torture of a fractured bone ; whilst at the same time it is not possible to afford them the comfort and relief of a physician or surgeon in whom we can place any confidence, is sufficient to deter any considerate man ; and as long as these circumstances continue, will prevent many a wealthy settler, who would willingly brave all the other inconveniences and privations of a new country. Can there then be a doubt, but that if the more respectable inhabitants, and proprietors of these counties, as well as the members of the legislature, give this subject the attention it deserves, but, that they will join in promoting the most certain, the only certain means of removing so great an evil. It is singular that the plan here proposed of encouraging our medical schools, should have received during the last session of our legislature its most decided and effectual

opposition from some members from the new counties which will undeniably be most benefited by it. It surely can have happened only from the plan having been brought in a partial manner before them; and from their not having given it all the attention it desired. To have it in their power to educate two young men annually from each county in the best manner, and at little or no expense, must surely be a very desirable object to them; and the means by which it can be accomplished can hardly fail to meet their approbation and support.*

The wisdom of the legislature, and the liberality of our medical Professors have suggested the idea, and I hope already laid the foundation of this scheme; which, if ever matured, I will venture to predict will give to the State of New-York one of the best medical establishments in the world. By the emulation which will be excited and competition which equal patronage will keep up between the two schools, a constant supply of able and learned teachers will be ensured, and the exertion of all their talents and powers will be called forth. By the purchase of the Botanick Garden, a national ornament and most useful establishment, already brought to a great degree of perfection will be preserved: by which our medicine, our agriculture and our arts, the elegancies, and the conveniencies of life will necessarily be improved, and by the free scholarships derived from the benevolent liberality of the medical professors, the talents of many an ingenious youth will be cultivated; which otherwise will probably be buried in obscurity. Even the most distant parts of the State will soon be filled with well educated medical men; always ready in case of war to supply our armies and navies, by which the lives of our sick and wounded soldiers will be preserved; and their ranks kept filled with veterans instead of new recruits.

A plan which promises such advantages to the community, must surely merit the serious and impartial consideration of every member of our government, and if it meets their unbiased attention can hardly fail to command their cordial approbation and liberal support.

* In those counties where there are no medical societies, the judges of the court should have the power to recommend students to the Colleges.

From the Port Folio.

DR. HOSACK'S BOTANICK GARDEN.

THIS establishment is distant three and a half miles from the city of New-York, and consists of about twenty acres of land. The ground was purchased by Dr. Hosack in 1801, with the patriotick view of supplying to his native city, what had long been a desideratum in a course of medical education, a botanick garden. At the time of the purchase, the land was exceedingly rough and broken; but by its present possessor it has been brought to a state of the highest cultivation and embellishment. Verbal description, in general, conveys but an imperfect idea of the objects intended to be described, but more particularly so when those are connected with scenes in what may be termed the *rural department of Nature*. To the eye alone

“The pomp of groves and garniture of fields”

must be presented. In our description, therefore, of this delightful spot, we shall confine ourselves solely to those arrangements in it, which have utility for their object.

This establishment is enclosed by a well-constructed stone wall, and within this enclosure is a belt of forest trees and shrubs with which the whole is surrounded. The interior is divided into various compartments well calculated to instruct the student in the science of botany by exhibiting to his view not only the plants which are used in medicine, but those which are cultivated by the agriculturalist, and which are employed in the arts and in manufactures.

A nursery is also now forming by which our tables may be furnished with the choicest fruits of the earth, and a department is devoted to experiments upon the culture of such plants as may be advantageously introduced into this country but which are now annually imported from abroad. Elegant and extensive conservatories and hothouses have been erected, which experience has already shown are well constructed for the cultivation of plants from every quarter of the globe. Here already may be seen an assemblage of Nature's choicest productions from every climate and from every country. The language of a celebrated poet may with justice be here applied :

One cultivated spot there was that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rosebud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the publick spirited founder of this institution. With a patriotism which many feign but few can feel, he engaged in an undertaking of high importance to his country and his profession, and has brought it to a state of perfection which may cause it to vie with institutions of a similar nature in the old world, and which the wealth of princes and the labour of ages have been employed in rearing. For ourselves, we consider the cause of science as the cause of our country ; we are therefore happy to learn that its present proprietor, with the view of perpetuating the benefits of this establishment to his profession has made an offer of it to the State of New-York upon liberal terms. From the many liberal endowments which that opulent and enlightened State has already made for the improvement of their schools, colleges, and other publick seminaries of learning, they will, doubtless, gladly avail themselves of an opportunity of adding this to their former benefactions for the promotion of science. Under the direction of those to whom the interests of learning are intrusted it cannot fail to exalt still more the reputation of that State for its wise and magnanimous policy, and add celebrity to our national character.

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WILLIAM WELLS, AND T. B. WAIT AND CO.

PROPOSE TO PUBLISH, by subscription, under the title of *SCRIPTORES ROMANI*, an elegant, uniform, and complete series of those writings, which from their just celebrity have acquired the appellation of the *LATIN CLASSICKS*.

In stating to the public a *Prospectus* of this undertaking, it is entirely unnecessary to enlarge upon the utility of classical learning. To the merit of the great fathers of Roman literature every civilized nation has borne ample testimony ; and time has pronounced a sentence in their favour, against which eccentric and ingenious men may raise perhaps some plausible objections ; but which, as it is founded, not upon partial or temporary views, but upon the deliberate opinion of mankind, they can never alter.

The utility, and even the necessity, of an undertaking like the present, in the United States, will as little be disputed. It is a fact, notorious to all who have any acquaintance with our semi-

naries for academick education, that the progress of classical literature is materially obstructed by the almost total want of good editions of the ancient writers. A few indeed of the classicks, most commonly read in schools, have been published in various parts of the union, in such forms as to have answered the purposes for which they were intended. But something more than these is now wanted. Our young men aspire to be something beyond schoolboys, and are ambitious to extend their incursions into the regions of ancient science. This laudable emulation is not a little repressed and cramped by the difficulty of procuring good editions of the classicks. If a scholar wishes to possess a copy of Cicero, or Livy, or Tacitus, or Quintilian, he may possibly find one at a high price, and thinks himself fortunate; but should a class at a university be desirous of making themselves acquainted with a classick of the higher order, they will probably find it impossible to procure a sufficient number in the United States. The consequences to literature are obvious, the ardent curiosity of youth receives a check, and that knowledge, which, if imparted at the favourable moment, might have been eagerly accepted, will probably never be acquired.

From these considerations, the Publishers have been led to suppose, that the time has arrived, when an undertaking like the present, large and expensive as it must necessarily be, cannot fail of the support and approbation of all who are anxious for the literary improvement of our rising country; and particularly of the various institutions for the promotion of learning, in the United States.

In stating, generally, the principles upon which this publication will be conducted, the Editors wish to be understood as pledging themselves no farther, than to give a *correct text* from the *most approved* edition. To subjoin to each classick a large body of notes, would render the work much too large and expensive. Happily this is no longer necessary. The immense mass of commentaries attached to the *Variorum* editions, how useful and even indispensable soever they may have been, to dissipate, the darkness which clouded the first revival of classical learning, are no longer held in great estimation, and are yet much oftener praised than read. The fact is, that the information they contain may now be found in other quarters, in a form infinitely more correct and elegant; condensed and purified, as well as freed from the

uncertainties inseparable from the first view of a subject. A scholar possessed of the excellent Lexicon of Ainsworth, the "Roman Antiquities" of Kennet or Adam, with the copious Classical Dictionary of Lempriere, and a few other works, easily procured, of the same class, will find little reason to regret the want of the Dutch editions.

To this general rule, exceptions will be made, wherever an edition can be found of distinguished merit, containing a small number only of highly valuable notes, and these conducing chiefly to the establishment of a correct text. As examples may be mentioned, Ernesti's Cicero and Gesner's Horace. The Editors will always be happy to depart from their general principle in favour of such excellent editions. Where such cannot be found, it may sometimes be necessary to *select* from the most valuable, a few notes of the description above stated. The Publishers think it proper to reserve to themselves this liberty. It will however be rarely exercised; and as these selections, whenever made, will be drawn only from editions of the most established reputation, they cannot fail to add to the value of the work.

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Every subscriber will be informed, previous to the publication of each classick, of the precise number of volumes, and the exact price of the work, for which his encouragement is solicited. No one, at the commencement of the publication, is understood to pledge himself farther than for the works of Cicero; and, in general, every person is at liberty to drop his

* For an account of this invaluable edition, see Dibdin's *Classicks*, third edition, Vol. I. p. 261, 262.

subscription at the completion of each author, provided he signify his intention to the publishers so to do.

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Gentlemen disposed to subscribe will be pleased to transmit their names and place of abode, as soon as convenient, to Messrs. T. B. Wait and Co. or Mr. Wm. Wells, Court Street, Boston.

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FOR JANUARY, 1810.

Sunt bona, sunt quaedam mediocria, sunt mala plura. Mart.

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A Compendious Lexicon of the Hebrew Language. In two volumes. Vol. I. Containing an explanation of every word which occurs in the psalms; with notes. Vol. II. Being a Lexicon and Grammar of the whole language. By Clement C. Moore. New York; published by Collins and Perkins. For sale at Wm. Wells's bookstore, No. 6 Court street. Price \$ 5.

Reports of cases argued and determined in the Supreme Judicial Court of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Vol. IV....Part II. Containing the cases from July to December, inclusive. By Dudley Atkins Tyng, Esq. Counsellor at Law. Exeter; printed by Charles Norris and

* Such books, pamphlets, etc. as are designated by this mark (*) may be found at the Boston Athenaeum.

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